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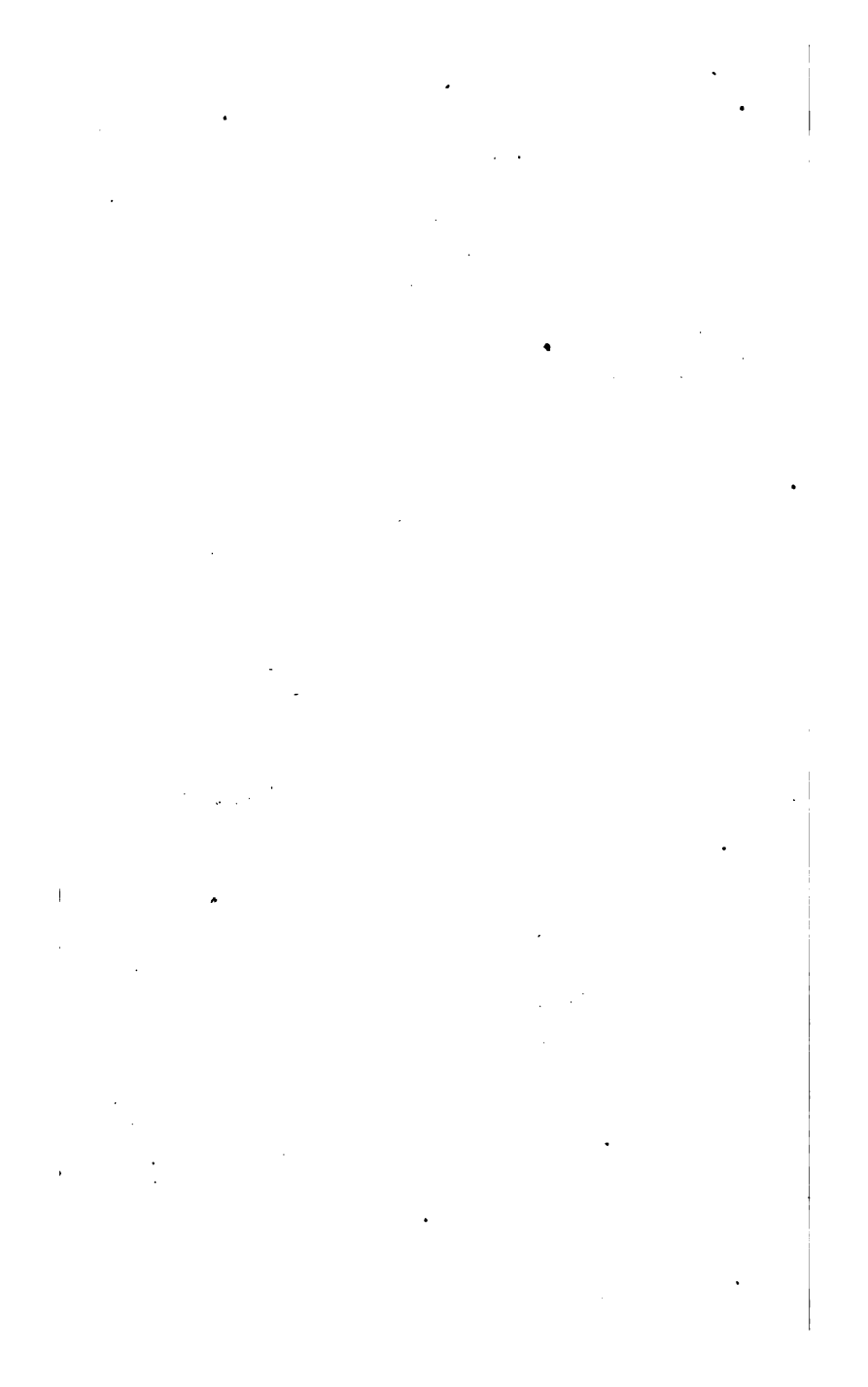
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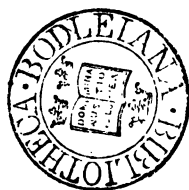
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**READING BOOKS**

**ADAPTED TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF THE REVISED CODE**

**EDITED BY THE REV. A. R. GRANT**

**RECTOR OF HITCHAM, AND HONORARY CANON OF ELY; FORMERLY  
H.M. INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS**

**FIFTH STANDARD**

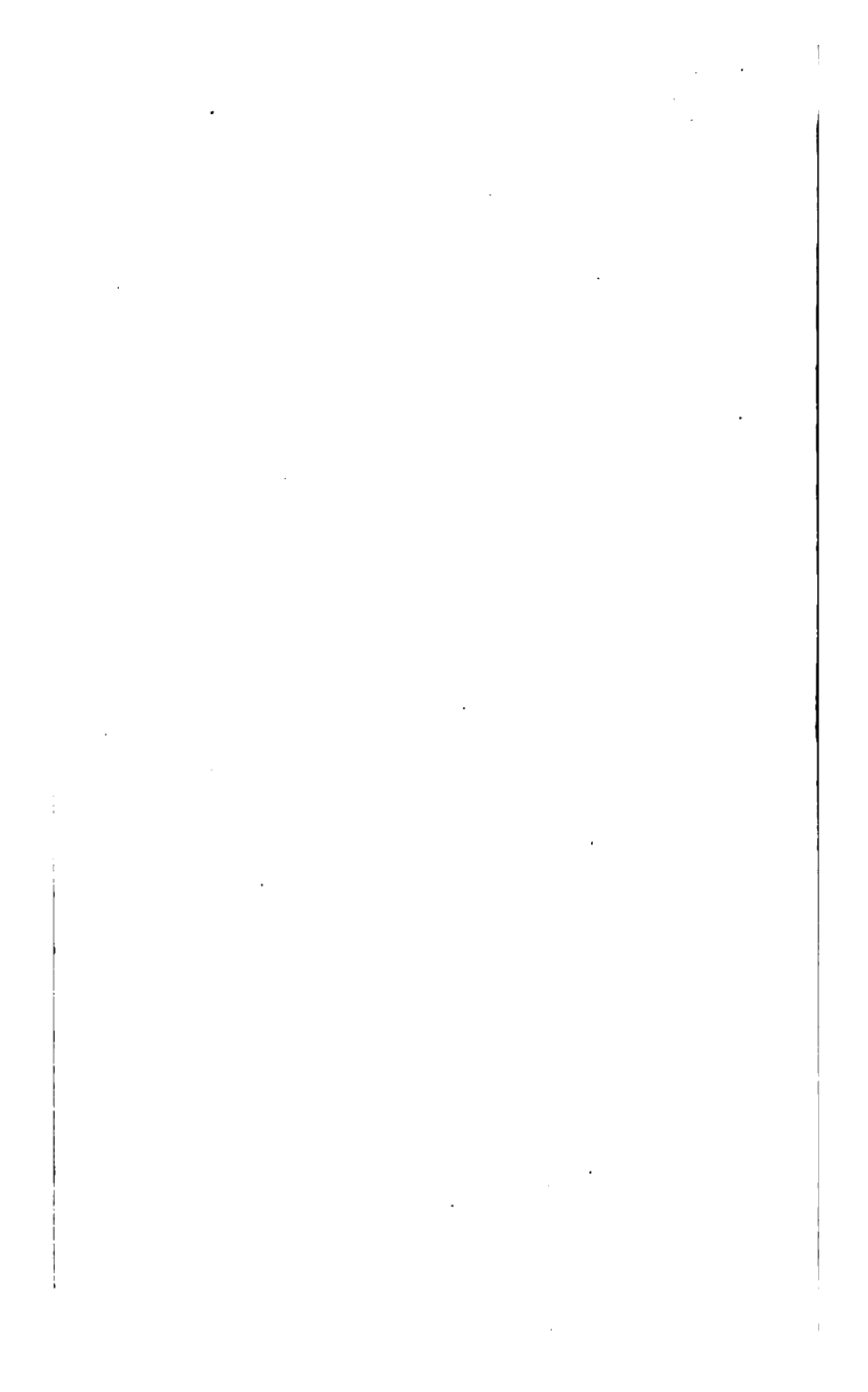


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## FIFTH STANDARD.

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### READING ALOUD.

A new master was appointed to a large mixed school in a country town. For a few days after his arrival Mr. Bailey did not take a class, but employed himself in watching the pupil-teachers at work, and in examining the younger children. But one morning, about a week after his appointment, he called up the first class and said—

“Can you read?”

The children thought that they had not heard him rightly. He repeated the question.

“Please, sir, we are in Standard VI.—all but this boy, and he has passed it.”

“I did not ask what Standard you were in,” replied the master: “I asked whether you could read.”

The boys grinned from ear to ear, two or three of the girls giggled, and all shouted—

“Yes, sir.”

“Very well,” said Mr. Bailey; “I am delighted to hear it. Open your books at page 66, and begin.”

The children obeyed, and for a few minutes the lesson continued without interruption. Suddenly the master said—

“Close books! I want you to leave off making that

noise. I thought you said you could *read*. I have not heard one child read yet. Thomas Benson shuts his teeth, and lets the sound come through his nose. That's not reading; it is *squeaking*. Alfred Smith is thinking how soon he can get to the bottom of a page, and sets off like a racehorse. That's *gabbling*. Mary Candler never changes the tone of her voice, but goes on—on—on with the same note. That's *drawling*. Emily Lewis whispers, and her brother Frank *screams*. Now, I do not suppose that the children in Standard VI. are required by the Inspector to gabble, squeak, drawl, whisper, or scream, nor do I imagine that these powers will be useful to them in after life; and therefore I wish to hear *reading*."

The children looked half-amused, half-mortified, and their master continued, with a smile—

"I do not want to discourage you. It is true that you all know the words in your books perfectly well; but I want you to learn to pronounce them properly, and to read intelligibly and pleasantly. Can any of you tell me why it would be useful and pleasant to read aloud well?"

"We may be asked to read to sick people," suggested Tom Benson.

"Yes, my boy, you may; but if ever an invalid says, 'Tom, I feel such a longing to hear a little squeaking,' I shall be surprised. In such a case he would probably send for a pig, or buy a crying doll at the toy-shop."

"Please, sir," said Mary, "we girls may get places as nursery maids, and then we may have to teach the children."

"To *read*, Mary—not to drawl. Can you think of any other reasons?"

"If any one is blind, or unable to read, we might read the Bible to him."

"Yes, you might; and I am sure you will easily see how important it would be in that case to read correctly and pleasantly. But now I will give you a fourth reason for trying to read aloud well. You will probably succeed. Now, you cannot all succeed in other matters. Many of you may not have very good memories, and may have to take a great deal of trouble to learn your geography or spelling lessons by heart, and you may often be inclined to feel cross, because, in spite of all your trouble, you so easily forget what you have learned. Or some of you girls may have clumsy fingers, and find it very difficult to work neatly. Probably several of you cannot sing, and, moreover, cannot be taught to do so. You remember when I told Charlie West not to sing this morning with the rest of you. I explained that it was from no fault of his, but because, having no ear for music, he put you out. But I can promise any child here who takes pains that he will in time read well. And now it is time to change lessons. In the afternoon I will give you a few rules which will help you to read properly."

About half an hour before the school closed, Mr. Bailey again called the first class up, and said—

"Now for our rules. First, open your mouths and teeth well: then we shall have no squeaking. Take plenty of breath and plenty of time, and you will avoid gabbling. And as for drawling, whispering, or screaming, these faults will not arise if you think of the sense of what you read, and try to pronounce the words exactly as if you were talking. Next, a word about *emphasis*. You

all know that when you see a word written in italics, it is to be read a little more forcibly than the others. This rule applies to every book, excepting the Bible.\* But often in other books you will see pages and pages without italics. Then you must use your own sense; and remember that some words must necessarily be read louder than others—just as in talking you lay most stress on the important words in a sentence. The meaning of the passage you are reading may depend nearly as much upon the emphasis as upon the words. Take this old nursery rhyme, for instance. I will read it over three times. It will appear to have three different meanings, and yet I will not change one word :—

‘If I’d as much money as I could tell,  
I never would cry *young lambs* to sell.’

*Lambs*? No. The speaker would try something else.  
*Goats*, perhaps. Again :—

‘If I’d as much money as I could tell,  
I never would cry *young lambs* to sell.’

*Young lambs*? No. The owner would wait until they were older. Once more :—

‘I never would *cry* young lambs to sell.’

Go crying animals about the street, like a low costermonger! No; not if the seller could raise money enough to set up a respectable shop.”

\* The words printed in italics in the English version of the Holy Scriptures are those which the translators inserted to render the sense of the passage complete, and which were understood (without being expressed) in the original.

The lesson then began ; and when the Inspector visited the school six months after Mr. Bailey's appointment, he said—

“It is a treat to hear your children read, after the stumbling, and stammering, and hesitating reading which may *pass*, but can never be creditable to the teachers or useful to the scholars.”

---

### THE INSPECTOR.

A DIALOGUE *between* MARY SAUNDERS, *a pupil-teacher, and*  
SOPHY WILLIAMS, *a scholar of twelve years old.*

*Mary.* You must look sharp, Sophy, or you will not have made up your attendances before the Inspector comes. What has kept you away so much from school ?

*Sophy.* I don't know,—one thing and another,—sometimes mother wanted me, sometimes my shoes were bad, and my sister has been at home from service, and I wanted to be along of her.

*Mary.* And you are very backward, though only in the Third Standard. I am afraid you will not pass, even if you are presented.

*Sophy.* Never you be afraid. It's only the three r's that the Spectre comes to see about, is it ?

*Mary.* I do wish you would learn to pronounce your words properly. Here, I will chalk In-spec-tor on the black board. There, now spell it. It means one who looks *into* a thing. Spectre means a ghost.

*Sophy.* And the best name of the two ; for the thoughts of his coming seems to frighten everybody like any ghost, —but I am not a bit afraid. I can read, and write, and sum, and that's all that's expected.

*Mary.* But if you read so that nobody understands you, if you write such a bad hand that nobody can read it, and if your sums are always wrong ; what's the use ?

*Sophy.* Well, and what's the use of this Inspector, as you call him, coming here ? Haven't we teachers enough ? What right has he here ?

*Mary.* Well, you know what taxes are, I hope. They are the money paid by the people to the Queen, which she spends for their good ; some of it in paying soldiers and sailors to defend us, some on prisons in which to punish offenders, some in police to detect them, and some in schools, hoping that when the poor are better educated, there will be less need of police and prisons. Now, of course, it is right that the Queen should see that the money is properly spent.

*Sophy.* That is it, is it ? This horrid spectre comes from the Queen. Well, I expect I shall pull through. Mrs. Johnson, that mother once lived with, has said she will give me a new frock if I pass. I don't so much care, for I know it will be one of those frightful lilac stout cottons, "a useful working frock" she will call it, that I do hate so. If it were a coloured muslin, I would thank her. Anyhow though, I mean to try, and you know you say I have a very good memory.

## THE DAY AFTER THE EXAMINATION.

*Sophy.* Was there ever such a shame, teacher, not to pass me in anything? I am sure that the Inspector took a spite against me.

*Mary.* Well, you made three mistakes in reading, four in spelling, and every sum but one was done wrongly; not always worked wrongly, but you did not seem to understand the question.

*Sophy.* It's such a horrid shame not to set us regular sums, but to give us questions in words, enough to puzzle anybody.

*Mary.* But when you go into a shop, the man does not set you a sum, does he? You have to take 8s. 6d. change out of half a sovereign, not on a slate, but in your head.

*Sophy.* It is so hard, when I know every word of the multiplication table so well; and then my geography was the shamefulest thing of all. I had learnt the names of all the countries of England, and—

*Mary.* Not countries, but counties. How many times have I told you that England is divided into counties, not countries?

*Sophy.* What a fuss about one little letter! what's the odds? Well, when he asked me what I knew about the geography of England, I rattled out the names of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, all as perfect as perfect, and could have done the rest, but he stopped me by asking me to tell what there was in the room that came from Northumberland, as if it mattered; and then he wanted to know if I had a friend in Durham, which



way I should go, and what counties I should pass through. I have no friends in Durham, and mistook it for Devon. And then he wanted to know where knives and scissors are made, and tea-trays and things, and I was to find them all on the map.

*Mary.* What ! the knives and tea-trays ?

*Sophy.* No, I tell you, but the places. Who cares what comes from those bits of painted paper they call a map ? It is all such rubbish.

*Mary.* Would you think it rubbish if you had a situation offered you in some of those places, or if your father heard of work and wanted to go there, and you could not tell how far off they were ?

*Sophy.* Bible lessons and all ! it was all alike. I had learnt up all the kings of Judah, and a heap of dates, and knew the names of the parables and miracles, and of every one of Joseph's brethren ; but because I couldn't tell him anything to be learnt from the story of Joseph, he said I might as well never have read it.

*Mary.* This is how it is, *Sophy*. You come so little to school, that you have not the pleasure of feeling you are getting on. You think that if you have a quantity of words in your head, that is education ; but we want you to use your understanding as well as your memory. Dogs and horses have wonderful memories, but they have not reason.

*Sophy.* Well, I do think school is dreadfully dull work, and, to tell the truth, that is mostly the reason why I don't come oftener.

*Mary.* I thought so ; dull it must be, when you don't care a farthing about anything I am teaching you, and till

you go out to get your own living you never will find out how behind the rest of the world you are. But if you would but try to understand your lessons, you would soon begin to like them. . There is little Patty, who cries if her mother keeps her away. Why should the same things be so dull to you, and so pleasant to her? It is stupid work to learn strings of names, like a parrot, without ever caring to inquire what they mean.

*Sophy.* Well, teacher, you have always been very good to me when I did come, never knocked me about or scolded as some do, and I will try now to come constant, and perhaps at the examination next year I may pass Standard IV.

*Mary.* I have no doubt you will if you take to liking your lessons from a wish to get on, and to improve yourself; but if you *only* care to pass in the three r's, I am afraid you won't.

---

### WASTE.

I SUPPOSE that most of you possess a money-box, with a hole in the top, into which you may drop any half-pence that you chance to earn. All who have careful mothers are sure to have them. Now tell me what you would say if you saw one of your brothers take his money-box to the nearest pond or well, and then throw in the halfpence, just for the fun of hearing the splash?

Would you not think he must be a poor little idiot, born without the proper use of his senses, and only fit

to be taken care of in an asylum? And yet I do believe many of you have been acting this very day even more foolishly than if you had been throwing halfpence into a pond. I am afraid there are few of you who have not been silly enough to throw away your time. Time is more valuable than money, for money may be replaced; but if you waste an hour, it is gone for ever and ever. Do not fancy, however, that I call a good game of play a waste of time. Neither boy nor girl will grow up fit for anything, unless they have plenty of fun and exercise in the open air; and a good cricketer may be an excellent scholar and a capital workman. But the time I *do* say is wasted, is that which you spend in school doing nothing, and trying to make other children as idle as yourself. A child of this sort begins by coming too late. No wonder! for he would not get up when called, to spare his tired mother the trouble of lighting the kitchen fire, or getting the breakfast. He comes down at last, half dressed, and quite unwashed, and dawdles about the house, till his father threatens to beat him if he does not go off to school. If he is a country boy, he will saunter along the road, stoning small birds, pelting ducks and geese, picking up tadpoles from the edge of the ponds, with which he fills his pockets for the amusement of his school-fellows during school hours, or gathering nuts or blackberries in the hedges for the same purpose.

An idle town boy looks into every shop window, stops to talk to every acquaintance he meets, and should he chance to see Punch and Judy, there is small hope of his getting to school that day.

Now, it is said that *one* man can bring a horse to the

water, but a hundred cannot make him drink. I have seen one mother carry her great boy to school by force, and another beat a child as she dragged him along, but the cleverest master that ever lived could not make those boys learn. Such a child slips out of his writing lesson by declaring "he has no slate-pencil or pen." His sum he has not done, because, he says, "he does not know that rule." He loses his place when reading, and his greatest pleasure is to make all within his reach just as idle as himself. But when he has thrown away his chance of ever learning, how does he mean to get his living, I wonder! Does he intend to be a farmer, when he cannot read anything about the crops and the market in the county papers? Can he take the corn to the miller, when he cannot give or receive a receipt? Does he think of being an errand boy, when he cannot read a direction on a parcel? or a shop-boy, when he cannot make out a bill, or give change? Or would he be a coachman or footman, when he cannot make out the names of the streets? Or would any girl expect to be a cook when she cannot read a cookery book, or put down what she buys at the door? or a housemaid, if she cannot make out a washing-bill? or a nursery-maid, if she cannot read a story to amuse the children?

In these days, without education you can only be employed in the very lowest drudgery—such as sweeping a crossing. Ignorant people are considered very little superior to animals. Indeed, I think that a clever dog, or a well-trained horse, is more to be respected than a man or woman, who might have learnt, but threw their

opportunities away, as if they had tossed halfpence into a pond.

And do you see no *pleasure* in reading? Suppose you cannot find work here, and wish to emigrate to some foreign country, would you not be glad to consult books that would tell you where you were most likely to succeed, and what sort of life you would lead? If you are ill, and confined to your bed, how much more quickly will the time pass if you have the power of reading interesting stories! And, above all, do you not wish to know God's Holy Word, which He has given to show us our way to heaven?

An uneducated person can hardly understand what he hears in church, and a prayer-book is useless to him. You have heard the story of the talents that the Master committed to the servants. Now, your time, your opportunities of learning, are talents committed to you, and if you waste them, you are unprofitable servants to the Master to whom you must one day give an account.

But if children are inclined to be wasteful, there are many other ways of throwing their halfpence into the pond, as it were. They may cost their parents a good deal by wilfully spoiling their clothes. I often wonder what there is so very delightful in treading in every puddle, and splashing yourself from head to foot, or tossing your cap into the road, with the hope that the cart which is coming will demolish it. Why is it so pleasant to spit upon your slate, and rub it dry with your sleeve? Or why do you enjoy throwing over the ink, and then wiping it up with your pinafore? Boys like no game so much as spoiling their clothes; and girls

cannot be induced to mend theirs, and to put in that stitch in time which saves not nine—but nine hundred. The gathers give way in their frocks—they trail on the ground, get trodden upon, one slit follows another, till they look like bundles of rags. Such children lose all sense of respectability, and do not care what they look like, or where they go.

I always honour a child that has on ever so poor a frock, if it is clean, and well mended, and patched. One girl I knew, who came very regularly to school, but always in the very same clean darned frock on Sundays and week-days; and when I asked her if she had no other, she said she had not—that she or her mother washed and mended it every Saturday, for her father had got into debt when ill and unable to work, and her mother would not spend a farthing in new clothes till he had paid all he owed. These were people there was some use in helping, and they were helped, and that very girl is now in an excellent situation as nursery-maid, and you may see her on Sundays going to church in a nice tweed dress, and a cloth jacket, looking as creditable as any tradesman's daughter in the place. But now suppose she had preferred going in rags and dirt, to taking so much trouble to keep clean and tidy, would she not, as things have turned out, have thrown *her* halfpence into the pond?

Elder children are often left at home when the mother goes out to work. You may save or waste many a penny on these occasions. If you leave a candle standing in a draught till it burns away; if you let your little sisters and brothers destroy the furniture, or tear and dirty their clothes, or break the windows, or catch cold; if you heap

on coals or wood, and make an immense fire when only a small one is wanted; if you leave soap lying in the water when you have washed your hands—your mother will find when she comes home that you have wasted more money than she has earned by all her hard day's work.

Servants have wonderful opportunities of waste, if they are so disposed. Some will break glass and china when they wash up, from mere heedlessness. Some will throw away food that they are too dainty to eat. Some will ruin the furniture by neglect, letting the bright grates become rusty for want of rubbing them, or the house-linen mildewed from putting it away damp. Some will spoil furniture by knocking it about, and then declare "it came in two in their hands," as if it was no fault of theirs. Some girls when they have broken anything that they think will not be at once missed, hide it, and when it is asked for, they fancy they will not be blamed, as they can say it was done a long time ago. Very few of these accidents would happen if they had to pay for them; they flatter themselves that it is their master and mistress's halfpence that they are throwing into the pond, but in fact they throw their own as well. Every mistress will sooner or later detect this sort of carelessness, and will not keep such an expensive servant.

And, supposing a girl marries, what a misfortune it is to a working man to have a wasteful wife, who cannot make the most of his wages! One woman, like the French peasants, will make excellent soup by saving up every crumb of bread, leaves of vegetables, and bones of meat; while another throws them away, and then complains that everything is so dear. One woman will

look over every article of dress when it is taken off, and mend the smallest hole; another lets her clothes drop into rags, and is for ever buying new ones. One woman is contented with bread two days old, and dripping; another buys hot rolls and fresh butter, and will then go round begging of ladies, because "she cannot get a bit of bread for her children, for it is so dear she cannot get on."

I hope you can now easily see that such a person is throwing away *her* halfpence. Try, then, while you are young, for your own sake, for your parents' sake, to acquire habits of carefulness. Don't be afraid of being laughed at or called stingy, for in fact you will be able to help others if you do not throw away the time, the money, the advantages you now possess.

---

## WORK AND WAGES.

### PART I.

I SUPPOSE that as you have arrived at the Fifth Standard, you may soon be leaving school, that you may go out to work, and you think that it will be a proud day for you when you can begin to earn your own living. And so it will. You must long to spare your father and mother the expense of maintaining you; and yet I fear many children are not as grateful as they ought to be for all that was done for them when they were young. Did you ever think about how much you cost? Count up the price of all the bread and meat and potatoes that you eat in a week, and then think how often your father has gone off to



work when he was tired or ill—how often your mother has gone out to a day's washing when she was hardly able to stand—that they might get enough to feed and clothe you comfortably. So it is quite right that the minute you can get your own living, you should try to do so.

I wonder how much you all think your services are worth? Now some of you would be very expensive servants at no wages at all; some are very cheap, though they have very high ones. Almost any careless boy who can make a noise (and I never yet found one who was not capable of *that*), will be good enough for scaring birds in the fields or running after donkeys on a common. But if feeding the cattle, or milking the cows, or closing the gates is entrusted to him, and he neglects what he is told to do, he may be the means of his master losing such valuable property, that at the lowest wages, or no wages at all, he is a very bad bargain. And with regard to errand boys or shop boys, the same results follow. If a jeweller has to send home a watch or jewels, he cannot trust the messenger who stands looking in at the shop windows, while a clever little thief comes behind him, and carries off his parcel; nor will the gentleman trust the boy who is told to take his letters to the post, when he finds they were too late, because the foolish fellow went off with some friends to have a game at tip-cat or hockey. Of course age and strength count for something; but steadiness, truth, and honesty for much more. Every boy, in the long run, is pretty sure to obtain just such wages as he is worth. And so he ought.

I dare say you have heard of trades' unions and

strikes; and as we are on the subject of wages, we will say a few words about them. Working men, thinking that their masters did not give them as high wages as they deserved, made an agreement amongst themselves to pay something weekly into a common fund, for the sake of supporting each other when out of work. If they gave it to those who were very old or ill, it was a kind and a good plan; but they often used it, also, to maintain those who might have had work, but refused to do it, because they were not satisfied with the wages that were offered. They all agreed to give up work on the same day, and this put the masters to such loss and inconvenience, that they often gave in to the men's demands. Now there was nothing exactly wrong in doing this. Everybody has a right to refuse to work if he does not like the wages offered; but some of the men became very angry with those who did not strike (as it is called) when they did. Now suppose all you boys agreed together not to take any place under 7s. a week, while your masters could only afford to give most of you 4s. for the sort of work you could do, it would be very foolish of you, but that would be all; but if because any boy took less, you not only called him a sneak, but beat and lamed him, and even tried to kill him whenever you had the chance, could you think you were right? Yet this is what the trades' unions did in Sheffield, and in some other places. In Sheffield one man actually hired another with the union money to lame, beat, and at last to blow up with gunpowder, people with whom he had no quarrel, and could find no fault, excepting that they had stuck to their work

and to their masters. I believe that it cost about £5 to lame a man for life, and £10 to kill him. One can hardly believe that people brought up in a Christian country could be so wicked, or that people in their right senses could be so foolish. To prevent others working when they themselves have struck, the union men place some of their body, whom they call pickets, round the shops they have left, to see whether any other workmen go there. .

It is a great pity that masters and servants are not better friends. They should put themselves in each other's place, and feel more than they do for each other. A boy thinks it very hard that he has to work all day for very little money, and a great deal of scolding. His master thinks it equally hard that he cannot find a boy who will not shirk his work the moment his back is turned. I do not see how this state of things is to be mended, except by both sides trying to do to others as they would be done by. A master should trust a boy and behave handsomely to him, until he finds he is not worth his wages. The boy should do his work faithfully and honestly, because he knows it is right, not because he is afraid of a flogging. .

There is a great deal of discontent between those who pay wages and those who receive them ; but workmen are now beginning to be better educated than they were, and we may hope that they will act more fairly and justly. and that their masters will respect them and treat them accordingly.

There is no reason why some of you boys who are reading this book, should not some day become masters. I wonder how you will act towards the boys under you

when that time comes. Will you then remember how a kind word, an extra sixpence, a good dinner, a half-holiday made you twice as ready to do a thorough day's work? And then, and not till then, will you understand how provoking and tiresome it is to find boys always ready for any kind of mischief the moment your eye is taken off them.

Some people will tell you that it is a great shame that in this country the poor are so very poor, and the rich are so very rich. They think everything should be divided equally between everybody, share and share alike. Well, suppose this was done to-morrow morning, by night some would be far ahead of others. Some would be masters, or in the fair way to become masters, and some would be servants.

Now fancy an equal piece of land given to three boys. John Smith, who is a stout fellow and used to handle a spade, would dig over his land in no time; Harry Ford, who is not accustomed to hard work, being a small, delicate boy, would get over half of his; while William Jones, who cares for nothing but play, will be off at once to a game of cricket in the next village. Then John Smith will say, "Let me cultivate your land for you, and you shall pay me with part of the produce; or I will take part of the land, as the price of cultivating the rest." They gladly agree, and finding it very pleasant not to be obliged to work, they barter away more and more of the land for John Smith's services. So it very likely ends in John Smith having eventually money enough to become the owner of the whole, and if William Jones and Harry Ford do not mean to starve, they must work for him for

whatever wages their labour is worth. William Jones, who never was one that liked early rising, who requires a glass of beer and a good rest at eleven o'clock, besides a long hour for dinner, and who is off by four if he is not watched, is worth very low wages indeed. Harry Ford, though not strong, is willing and honest, and can be trusted to do the lighter work, and to carry things home and receive money for them. His wages will be far above William Jones's. I dare say the day will come, when John Smith will keep a horse and cart, and you will see Harry Ford driving it, being trusted to sell the produce of his master's land, and at that very time, I shall expect, you will meet with William Jones sweeping a crossing, all rags and dirt, unless he goes begging about the country, and lodges in the casual ward of a workhouse as a common tramp, where he will tell the guardians, if they will listen to him, how unfairly he has been used by John Smith, who has got possession of all his lands.

And suppose that a father when he died left his money equally divided between his five sons, John, Thomas, William, James, and Henry, and that it amounted to £20 for each of them. They all started fair with the same sum; but do you think that that day twelvemonth they were equally rich? Listen to this story, and you will see.

The eldest son, John, was fond of dress, and delighted that with his £20 he might have a new fashionable suit of clothes, patent leather boots, a smart tie, a watch-chain, and studs. He bought scented oil for his hair, and a fine cambric handkerchief, and enjoyed hearing people say, "What a swell!" as he passed them

in the street when he walked out on Sundays. He thought that £20 would enable him to dress splendidly for years to come, and he liked the grandeur of having a tailor's bill running on. By the time the year was out, so was his money, and he had the mortification of being obliged to return to very shabby clothes if he wished to escape the County Court.

Thomas did not care for dress, and was an easy, good-natured youth, who liked popularity. When he received his £20, he offered to treat his friends to a good supper, and something hot to drink at a public house, where they all took more than did them any good. He was foolish enough to boast of his money jingling in his pocket, and, hardly knowing what he was about, he offered to tip them all round, and so managed to get rid of £5 out of his £20 for the sake of hearing them all say what a fine fellow he was. The next morning, though he repented of his generosity, he had not resolution enough to put the remaining money into a bank, because it was such a pleasure to shew it to his comrades, and one of them entreated him to lend him a couple of sovereigns, saying if he would he would return him two guineas in a week. He did so; and this being known, the whole was borrowed, and need I tell you, that he soon found himself with no sovereigns, but many enemies, for the boys who were his debtors became quite savage when he pressed them to repay him.

To William the £20 was a heavy misfortune, for it enabled him to gratify a taste that he had for drinking. He never meant to be a drunkard; but he had been an idle boy at school, and never learnt to read well enough

to have any pleasure in a book, so he had no way of passing his evenings except at the public house. Thus he associated with idle youths like himself, who did not know what to do with their time, and what they called a cheerful glass was a resource. Having to pay out of his week's wages was some restraint; but when the £20 came into his hands, he was for three or four days never sober. He lost his situation, and while looking for another, indulged in spirits so often that he was found lying senseless and helpless in the streets. His failing was then so well known, that no one would employ him, and the anniversary of his receipt of £20 found him picking oakum in the casual ward of a workhouse.

James fell into another scrape, not so disgusting as William's, but quite as certain to end in ruin. He had when a boy been very fond of playing at pitch and toss for marbles or halfpence, and as he grew up he fell in with some betting men, who told him that £20 would make itself £200 if he would take their advice and go with them to some billiard-rooms, where they betted on the different players. This led to games of chance, and then to betting on horses, about which he knew nothing, and ended, as it was sure to end, in his being stripped of every farthing.

The last and youngest of the sons was Henry, who had one great advantage over his brothers. Being only twenty, he could not get possession of his £20 for a year, by which time he had seen how foolishly they had thrown away their patrimony. He was able to maintain himself by his wages at a carpenter's shop; and having no immediate want of his money, he put it into the Post

Office Savings' Bank till he found some use for it. And he had not long to wait. His master's son was going to set up in business for himself, and he offered to take Henry into partnership, if he could find a few pounds to help to furnish materials for the shop. This he could do, and he is now a flourishing well-to-do tradesman, able occasionally to help his poor beggarly brothers, who are often in want of a meal. *They* say there is no work to be had; but who will employ such people? *They* say everything has gone against them; but who has been their enemy except themselves? *They* rail at the unequal *fate*, as they call it, that has befallen them and their brothers, not remembering the old saying that "conduct is fate."

It is true there are some troubles that no prudence can avoid—sickness, or scarcity, or the loss of friends may come upon us—but affliction is much more tolerable when no self-reproach is mixed with it.

## PART II.

BUT now I want to say a few words to the elder girls in this class, who will soon be wanting to get what is called "a little place." Well! it is a very good thing for you to get your own living, and you must be quite as anxious as the boys are to help your parents. But I do wish that you, and your mothers for you, were more careful in making inquiries before you engage yourselves. You are too apt to care only what wages you will have. Now some places are in reality very good ones, though wages are low, or even none at all, and others are bad though you get £7 or £8 a year. It is very bad for a young girl



in her first place to be overworked, and perhaps underfed—for the two things generally go together—to be kept up late at night, and not have a moment to herself all day; and this perhaps all the week through, not excepting Sundays. Her health fails, she takes a dislike to service, and prefers dawdling about at home. It is also very bad for a girl to be with a bad-tempered mistress, who scolds her from morning to night, and takes all the spirit out of her. And it is bad also to be with an easy-going, idle mistress, who will allow her maid to do all her work in an untidy, dirty manner, till she gets into such slatternly ways that she will never be fit for a gentleman's family. Only considering these places in a money-point of view, whatever may be the wages they are bad bargains.

But if you can find a kind-hearted, considerate, active woman, even though she is called "very particular," who will not overwork you, but will insist upon everything being done as well as possible, never mind the wages being low, for it would answer in the long run if *you* paid *her* for teaching you. The best servant I ever knew, went out with no wages to this sort of mistress, when she was only eleven years old, and she told me she often had to dust a room over and over again, till not a speck could be seen on the white cloth with which her mistress used to wipe the table after her; but she made her such an excellent servant, that she afterwards lived in one place for more than fifty years, and when she died there, at eighty years of age, she had saved £200, and was followed to her grave by the children that she had nursed in their infancy. Now she

never would have been fit for such a place had she not been thoroughly well taught when she first went out.

But it is natural for you to wish to have high wages, you will say, because then you will be able to dress well, particularly on Sundays. Now I should like you to look as nice as possible every day in the week, as well as on Sundays, but I do not think you quite understand *how* to do so. You fancy that ladies disapprove of flowers, and feathers, and beads, because they dislike your looking like themselves, and wish you not to imitate their dress ; but this is really not the case. It is because even with good wages you could not possibly afford to have fresh flowers and feathers of an expensive kind ; and, therefore, they object to your wearing finery which becomes dirty and tawdry almost directly. You should wear thoroughly good clothes that will last, and in which you can go about your work without spoiling them ; not faded greasy silks, or washed-out coloured muslins, because in such things as those you never *can* look nice, or anything but vulgar. Girls fancy that plenty of bright colours will make them smart—such as putting blue and yellow together, or red and blue. They will trim an old bonnet with a quantity of gold beads, or wear a flimsy shawl to cover a wretched old dress, or spoil a nice respectable quiet hat by sticking in some cheap calico flowers, or a miserable feather that looks as if it had belonged to some bird that was moulting. Extremely bright, smooth hair, not oiled, but well brushed, very clean collar and sleeves ; and a well-made gown of some lasting material, will make any girl look as nice as possible, especially if she wears good boots and

tidy gloves when she goes out. And if she is careful how she does her work, she really never need appear dirty. Indeed, it is only a dirty servant that makes herself so.

I knew a cook who did all the grates in the house, and though she had no kitchen-maid, she kept her kitchen as clean as a drawing-room, and yet I never saw her with dirty hands, or face, or gown; and I am sure you may be like her if you take care. In fact, dirt is another word for idleness, and cleanliness for industry. If nothing is ever put by in the kitchen till the servant has washed it, if every room is dusted, swept, and aired every day, if the door-steps are whitened every morning, there will be no such accumulation of work as will require her to appear like a chimney-sweeper. She will look nice whatever she is about and whoever chances to see her.

As we are on the subject of wages, I cannot help reminding you what an excellent opportunity of saving you have in the Post Office Savings' Bank. If whenever your mistress pays you, you would put in only a shilling, you would soon find out you could spare more, and have a nice little sum laid by, so that if you were ill you need not be a burden at home; and if you have good health you will have something to give to any of your relations that want it. A lady once said, "If I feel tempted to buy a pretty thing I see in a shop, I always wait twenty-four hours to see whether I cannot do without it, and most frequently I find I can." Servants often waste money on unnecessary things that would be such a comfort to them hereafter if they had saved it.

## THE CANDIDATE FOR A PUPIL-TEACHERSHIP.

## A DIALOGUE.

*Mary.* I am to leave school after the holidays ; mother says she cannot afford to keep me at home any longer, and must get me a little place.

*Jane.* I am going to leave also, I am glad to say ; my mother says I shall not be put upon any longer, and ordered about by girls no better than myself. Indeed, Teacher Lydia is not nearly as tall as I am, and how shabby she does dress ! And yet, for nothing at all, she is for ever putting me down to the bottom of the class, and keeping me in.

*Mary.* But does she treat you so without any reason ? I thought it was for talking or being saucy.

*Jane.* It is all very fine for you to take against me. You have always been made such a favourite, and so are put in the first class, under a real mistress ; but those bits of girls that are set up over us as pupil-teachers have no right, mother says, to order me about ; and as Miss Johnson told her she really would not have me in her class, as I could not pass the Third Standard, why, mother said she was not going to see me ill-used, and she should take me right away.

## A WEEK LATER.

*Jane.* Only think, Mary, I have persuaded mother to let me be a pupil-teacher.

*Mary.* You don't say so ! Why, has Miss Johnson agreed to take you ?

*Jane.* Oh, no! she would never hear of it; and I am sick of that school. But at the Up-Town School, the mistress, Mrs. Williams, has known mother all her life, and they are very jealous of Miss Johnson, and when mother said I had been ill-used there, and she was sure I should do well anywhere else, she said directly she would take me as a candidate; and won't I pay back all the teachers made me go through! I tell mother I must have a very nice dress for every day, and a new hat and feather for Sunday, or they will think nothing of me. Oh, dear Mary, how I wish you could get a few good clothes, and come there too as a teacher!

*Mary.* And do you know, Miss Johnson has been asking mother to let me be a pupil-teacher? I should so like it; but she won't consent.

*Jane.* Oh, how ill-natured,—so wrong to stand in your light,—and all because she is too near and stingy to afford to dress you respectably.

*Mary.* That isn't it; but she says now there are six of us, and father often ill and out of work, I must begin to earn my own living.

*Jane.* Well! as pupil-teacher you will get £10 a year.

*Mary.* Yes; but that would not pay father for my keep and my clothes,—even such as I wear now,—and mother says at fourteen I ought to be quite off her hands. She went to service herself at that age, and she says for such as we, she and father think that service is better than teaching. Oh dear, I am so sorry, I was so fond of Miss Johnson, and she said I was getting on so well at school.

*Jane.* I am so angry with your mother; I shall call and give her a bit of my mind. Turn her own child out

of doors, indeed! My mother would scorn to be so unnatural. But this is what it is, Mary: you have given in too much to your mother,—never would take a walk or have a bit of pleasure if she wanted you, and here is the reward. It is always the way in this world; the more you study other people's wishes the worse they use you.

*Mary.* Oh, please, Jane, don't talk so of poor mother, I cannot bear to hear you. You do not know how hard she works, and how she and father have denied themselves things to be able to keep me at school as long as they have done. Now I can read and write and do sums pretty well, they say it is enough education for such as me; and though I do hate the idea of a little place, it is leaving home and poor mother that is the worst of it.

## A FORTNIGHT LATER.

*Jane.* Well, Mary, so you are really gone to service; tell me all about it.

*Mary.* I am with old Miss Smith, at York Cottage. No servant but me, and she gives me £5 a year, which she says is enough to dress me as she likes to see me dressed.

*Jane.* As *she* likes to see you dressed! What business is it of hers how you dress, I should like to know? I would never stand that sort of thing if I were you.

*Mary.* I don't mind about that; but I am wearied to death with her tiresome particular ways of doing everything. As she lives alone and helps a little herself, I thought there would not be much for me to do, and that I knew from mother's teaching how to clean nicely, and she had shown me how to cook a little. But to hear

Miss Smith at me you would think that I knew nothing at all. Everything has to be done twice over, and she says my dirty ways do not suit her. Now I am sure that mother never brought me up to be dirty, and I was so vexed, I told mother, after a week of it, I wanted to leave. She asked me whether I had plenty to eat, which I have, though the bread is very stale, and she will not have a crust left. She only cooks meat twice a week, but I have as much as I want, and she gives me a good allowance of butter and cheese. I have her tea-pot, and she uses no sugar, and advised me to do without,—a custom that will save me a good many pounds in the course of my life, she told me. Mother asked when I got to bed, and I told her always by ten and up at six, and every other Sunday afternoon she lets me go home, and always to church in the morning. So mother did so beg me to stay, and said that all my life long I should be glad if I did. So to please her I am going to try and stop a little longer.

*Jane.* More fool you. Fathers and mothers were meant to keep their children, not to turn them out to hardships like that. I am glad mine knows better than to contradict me.

THREE WEEKS LATER.

*Mary.* Well, Jane, how do you get on as a teacher?

*Jane.* Why, it is not at all what I expected. I am sure I have got an enemy somewhere, for, after speaking so kind, Mrs. Williams is grown dreadfully particular, and she has, I am certain, picked out the most detestable children in the school for my class; never did such a set tread a school floor. They mind nothing I say, and if I

give them the least tap, or box their ears, they scream out they are hurt, and Mrs. Williams tells me no one must correct them except herself. How ever is one to teach children, I should like to know, unless one may beat them ?

*Mary.* But your troubles are over at four o'clock ; my work is never done till I go to bed.

*Jane.* Nor mine either ; for first comes Mrs. Williams's lessons, and then such a quantity to learn at home. I can learn by heart pretty quickly ; but she has such an unfair way of questioning me whether I understand what I am saying. What is that to her, if I can say it perfect ?

*Mary.* But is it any good to you, if you do not know what it means ? I suppose Mrs. Williams is thinking whether you will pass. The Inspector, you know, thinks so much about whether the children understand their lessons.

*Jane.* Well, so he may about the children ; but I am a teacher, and I say, and mother says the same, that if I know my lessons perfect it is enough. I had learnt the names of every one of the United States ; but because I thought they were in Europe, Governess was so angry, as if it could matter to her where they were. And about my sums, she does ask such troublesome questions, and wants to know *how* I do them, and *why* I multiply or divide. Why don't she set me one, and show me the rule, and let me alone ?

*Mary.* Why, Miss Johnson used to tell us that when we went to a shop the man would not set us a sum. We must be able to reckon it for ourselves.



*Jane.* Why, I never do that. I pay what the man asks ; it is his business to know. But, in fact, I do not often pay ; mother has bills at most of the shops, and pays them off by degrees when she gets money. She says it's less trouble. But how are you getting on with your cross old mistress ?

*Mary.* Oh, so much better. I find that after all her ways were not more trouble than mine. In a lady's house everything is so different, though mother's was always clean and tidy ; but the furniture where I am requires so much more care. And the same in cooking. My mistress was ill last week, and I had to broil her a mutton chop, and boil some potatoes, all by myself, and she said I did it so nicely, that when I had dined I might cook another chop, and run across to mother with it, as she was but poorly, and she thought she would like to see I was becoming a tidy little cook, and mother was so pleased. I put it between two hot plates, with gravy and potatoes. It is so different from any cooking at home, where we fried a bit of meat exactly as it came from the butcher's. Miss Smith makes me take off the fat and trim the chops up, make the fire quite clear and bright, and broil them quickly and yet quite through.

*Jane.* I am glad *you* like handling raw meat ; I don't. I like my hands to look white as a lady's, and my sisters or mother do all our dirty work, as I am a pupil-teacher.

*Mary.* But has the Inspector passed you ?

*Jane.* No ; but I am not a bit afraid. They say if you are not afraid, you are sure to pass. You must have confidence, that is the great thing. Besides, mother says she will ask Mrs. Williams to speak to the Inspector

to let me through easy. One thing vexes me—I cannot make mother let me have a new coloured muslin dress to be examined in. There is one in Simmonds's window—pink and blue flowers—that I have set my heart on ; but mother says those very thin muslins require such good petticoats ; and then I ought to have a new hat. I never did, and I never shall, look well in a black hat. I must have a white one, and a feather tipped with red. Don't you think that would look well ? Or there is a bunch of grapes and corn flowers that I should not mind instead of a feather. But mother says money runs short, and the shops won't trust her. Such a shame of them to refuse her a loaf of bread because she owes a few shillings. Mother says I must pay for these clothes when I get my first quarter.

*Mary.* Well, Jane, I hope it will all go right ; but I do not think you could be comfortable in those fine things, knowing your mother could not pay for her bread. But let me know how you get on at the examination.

A MONTH LATER.

*Mary.* Have you passed, Jane ?

*Jane.* I told you I had an enemy, and I am sure I have. Everything turns against me, and I am miserable. I have been crying all night ; for mother says we must all go into the Union.

*Mary.* Oh, I am so sorry ! How can that be ? Have you not passed ?

*Jane.* It's a horrid shame ; but the Inspector said my papers were all wrong. I don't believe they were. A great many I didn't do at all ; so how could *they* be wrong ? Such out-of-the-way questions, put on purpose

to puzzle me ! It is that nasty plan of asking whether you understand things. I can say plenty that I have learnt by heart, and that ought to satisfy them. And Mrs. Williams is grown so spiteful. She says if I had passed, she would not have had me at her school, because I knocked the children about so, that numbers left on account of me.

*Mary.* But what are you going to do ? Shall you try again ?

*Jane.* Not I. I hate teaching : I always did ; and the rude school-children in the street have found out that I did not pass, and they run after me singing, "There's the teacher that could not be taught ;" and ask me to spell "dog" and "cat." They are so insolent I could not bear it, and boxed Tom Browne's ears ; and he got some others, and they fell upon me, and we fought, and the police came and took me home to mother, my nose all bleeding, and all my clothes torn ; and they threatened me with prison, because I had pledged my new dress and hat, and they were not paid for. But that was not my fault, but the Inspector's, for not passing me. Mother says we must go into the Union, where I shall have to wear such a frightful dress, and be made to work. Will it not be dreadful ? I hope I shall die first. But as I have often said, I must have enemies, I have gone so down in the world ; and it was very unkind of Miss Johnson to say I had only one enemy, and that was myself.

SIX MONTHS LATER.—IN THE UNION.

*Mary.* Oh, Jane, I am come to see you. I am so sorry to see you in such a place as this !

*Jane.* You cannot be as sorry as I am. I have tried to get away, but nobody will take a workhouse girl; and yet I am sure I would try to do well, if I had but a chance. Mother thought they might have made me a teacher to the children here; but the Guardians had me examined, and said I did not know enough. I never was fond of school, you may remember; and what with all our troubles, and being made to work hard here, I have clean forgotten all I ever learned.

*Mary.* Are you sure that you would not mind rather a hard place and lower wages, now, to get away from here?

*Jane.* Only try me, Mary. I am not the foolish girl you used to know. I have come to see what life is; and the things I used to despise I should be grateful for now.

*Mary.* Well, if that is the case, I have brought a message for you from Miss Smith, that I shall be leaving her in a fortnight, and she will try you in my place.

*Jane.* Oh! that is good news. And it is very good of you to have spoken for me. But why are you leaving?

*Mary.* Miss Smith has a niece coming from India, and she has asked her to hire a cook and a housemaid for her. She has one little girl, with an Indian nurse, who cannot speak much English; so the child is to be attended to by the housemaid, as the nurse will go back to India. So she wanted some one who could read to her and teach her, and Miss Smith thought I should do, and has recommended me.

*Jane.* And what are your wages to be?

*Mary.* Ten pounds to begin with, and everything found. Mother is so pleased; and I hope when I get my money

to pay for the schooling of all the little ones ; for it is my schooling that has got me this place. And perhaps I shall have enough to help mother's rent as well. And I owe so much of this to what I thought so tiresome—my mistress being so particular with me. If she had not made me make her bed three times over, till I had well shaken the feathers, and put the sheets on straight and smooth, I never should have been fit for the good place of housemaid where there is nice furniture.

*Jane.* Well, I will try and remember that. As I said before, I am changed from what I was, and know now how foolishly I acted.

*Mary.* Good-bye, Jane. I have brought you a little tea and sugar, as I believe you are not allowed any in the union ; and I will let you know which day you are to go to Miss Smith's.

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### PRESENCE OF MIND.

**PRESENCE** of mind means being able to think in a minute of the right thing to be done—keeping your wits about you. People who have presence of mind are pretty sure to do well in life. A man may be very clever, but if he is without presence of mind, he will often be very useless. Good sense is of little use, comparatively speaking, unless it is ours at all times—even when we are frightened, or hurried, or tired. A thirsty man would not want to hear of a cooling stream of water ten miles off. A man who was dangerously ill would not care for the promise of a doctor and medicine at the end of a week.

And so—no matter how clever we are—if our thoughts are wool-gathering when the moment for action has come, we might almost as well be stupid. We seldom have presence of mind unless we have also self-possession. I mean by this that all our faculties must be kept under control.

The girl who screams when she sees a mouse, or a black-beetle, has no self-possession. She is not really alarmed, but she has got a silly habit of pretending to be frightened.

The child who is afraid of a dark room wants self-possession. She has sense enough not to be afraid of a *light* room; why should that sense leave her in a dark one? Simply because she does not keep her reason under control.

Now the chief thing which keeps us from being able to settle quickly in a moment of danger what we ought to do, is *fear*. And here comes the question: How can fear be cured? There are, certainly, occasions on which we cannot help being frightened. The bravest man that ever lived may be terrified, if he is on board a ship which is out in a dreadful storm. But there are two kinds of fear, one a sort of instinct, which we must all experience in sudden danger; the other, a blind, foolish terror, which keeps us from doing anything to save ourselves. The first we *cannot* help; the second we *must* control. Try to remember, if you are suddenly placed in great danger, that one moment's thought will save time in the end. "I hadn't time to think," is never true.

Next to getting rid of *foolish* fears, you must try to get rid of the habit of letting your thoughts stray about.

You must *concentrate* them. That is to say, you must collect all your thoughts *at once* upon the subject which requires attention. Tom has a sum to do, and at the end of half an hour he has only put down two figures. Shall I tell you why? His thoughts were divided all over the room. First of all, he said to himself,—“Twice 8 are 16, put down 6 and carry—— I wonder when the treat will be. I have saved up tenpence for a cricket-bat. I wonder if I can get a good one for eighteen pence? Let us see, what was I to carry? Twice 8 are 16, put down 1,—no, put down 6 and—— I wish mother would give us currant-dumplings for dinner. I’m sick of treacle-pudding. Oh! what a jolly dog! I wonder whose he is?” and so on, until the monitor gives the order to collect slates, and Tom’s, as I said, is nearly clean, or would have been so, if he had not been smudging it, by rubbing his fingers over it. Now Tom will never do much good unless he learns to concentrate his thoughts. If the slightest thing is enough to distract his attention in school, what chance is there of his being of any use when bewildered by an accident? If he were to be out in a thunderstorm, I should quite expect him to run under a tree for shelter. Not because he has never been told it is the most dangerous thing he can do, but because he does not think. People call him a sharp boy, but for any use he is at a pinch, I had rather have Dick White, who is called dull, but who can always use his senses. Tom’s mother’s chimney was on fire the other day, and all he did was to run about, asking the neighbours to come and see. Indeed the house would have been burned down, if Dick had not climbed on to the

roof, and poured water down the chimney. And when a neighbour's house was burning, Tom was ready enough to help to hand the buckets of water; but he threw the bucket as well as the contents of it down, and so was worse than useless.

Some people fancy that we think by nature. I doubt it. I believe most people must learn to think. The chief use of arithmetic is that we are *forced* by it to think.

Try, then, always to keep, not some of your thoughts, but all your thoughts, upon whatever you have to do. *Never* have to say, "Oh! what was I thinking of?" If you do not know, probably it was not worth a thought. Habit is second nature. Try to acquire two habits. First, that of conquering foolish fears; secondly, that of concentrating your thoughts. In this way you will finally gain the valuable quality called Presence of Mind.

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### GETTING ON IN LIFE.

I suppose we all want to get on in life, as it is called. But perhaps we shall not all agree as to what getting on means. You have read stories, and very good and true stories they are, of men who, like Sir Richard Arkwright, George Stephenson, or Sir Joseph Paxton, from being very poor, rose to be rich and celebrated, and are held up as examples for others. But such instances are very rare. Few boys are clever enough to invent a



spinning-jenny like Arkwright, locomotive steam-engines like Stephenson, or a Crystal Palace like Paxton. And even clever boys have not always the opportunity of showing their talents. It is far better, therefore, not to fix your expectations upon great and extraordinary success, which does not occur to one person in ten thousand, but to try to get on in life, after a fashion which is in the power of every one of us.

The Duke of Wellington used to say, that his best soldiers were not those who were most anxious for promotion or celebrity, but those who were bent upon doing their duty, because it *was* their duty. He always acted himself from a sense of duty. Every one who does this, is sure, in the best sense of the word, "to get on in life." A man, for instance, who has worked for a number of years in the same situation, who has never touched a thing that did not belong to him—not even the perquisites that many people consider their own—who has never been intoxicated, or shirked his work, or been disorderly in any way, but has gone steadily on, contented with his fair wages, *has* got on in life. That is, his master respects and values him. If he were in trouble, he would never want friends ready and anxious to help him. His children will easily obtain employment, and should he himself be obliged to change his master, he would not be a day without being engaged. This I call "getting on in life." He may not make a large fortune, live in a fine house, know fine people, or wear fine clothes. But what does he lose by this? There is more happiness to be had by remaining in the station of life to which it has pleased God to call you, living in

comfort and respectability, than in quitting it to associate with those with whom you cannot feel on an equality.

We constantly find people complaining that they are out of work, and that times are bad. In London they will parade the streets, singing, "We've got no work to do." Someone declared they ought to sing, "*We want* no work to do." I do not deny that occasionally there is a scarcity of work in some particular trades, but it is oftenest in those where very high wages are given when there is employment; and if so, the workmen ought to have saved, in preparation for the slack time they must know would probably come. But oftener still it is occasioned by the men wanting "to get on in life," according to their ideas. They were dissatisfied, wanted shorter hours and higher pay than the masters could afford, and threw up their work. Instead of getting on, they got back in life.

Amongst girls also there are great mistakes made by their longing to "better themselves," as they say. And in one sense it is quite right that they should have such a wish. But first let them be sure that it is bettering themselves to change merely for higher wages, or to go into a higher family. When the girl who is only fitted for housework thinks that because she has been well educated at school, she ought to be a lady's maid, when the lady's maids wish to be governesses, depend upon it they are not getting on in life. Whatever is the position you would naturally fill, try to do your very best in it. If you are a housemaid, it is "getting on" if your rooms look cleaner and fresher, your fire-irons brighter, your steps whiter, your whole house neater than other

people's. And this not merely once a year, when you are cleaning up, as it is called. Every day of your life, every room should be thoroughly attended to. If to doing your work so well, you add a nice respectful way of speaking to your mistress, and good temper amongst your fellow-servants, and a contented disposition, not looking out for a change that you may "better yourself" (falsely so called), I will promise you that your mistress will value and respect you, and that every year you stay, you will in reality "be getting on in life."

Because Mary Smith's cousin was a lady's maid, Mary thought it very hard that *she* should be a mere housemaid, and not allowed to sit in the housekeeper's room. But she could not get higher wages, for her parents could not afford to have her taught dressmaking or hairdressing, and though she was conceited enough to fancy she could do both if she tried, after spoiling two gowns, and tearing her mistress' hair by her clumsy hands that were only used to brushes and brooms, she discovered that she had made a most foolish mistake. And her cousin began to say that service altogether was very menial, as she called it, and her father having had a little money left him, she persuaded him to get her on in life, as she thought, by sending her to a boarding-school, where she was to be fitted to be a governess in six months, and pretend to teach French and music, of which she knew, and could know, scarcely anything. But she thought it such a fine thing to be called "Miss," and to have done with service, little knowing that she had a harder life before her than that of almost any servant in England, for she had four spoilt, peevish children to teach, and wash, and dress, and

amuse, and a cross mother who interfered, if she ever found fault with them. The servants disliked her; visitors did not notice her. No companions all day long excepting the children, who already were beginning to discover her ignorance. Often did she wish herself back in her mother's cottage, or in her first place as parlourmaid at the rectory, with fellow-servants that she liked, and a kind master and mistress. If this was getting on in life, she said, she had had enough of it, and she was glad to return to that "station into which it had pleased God to call her," in which she could do her duty and get her own living.

It is more common than it used to be, to find strong, hearty grown-up girls unwilling to leave home, or to go to service. They think they shall "get on in life" by spending their time in dress and gossiping with their neighbours. If their parents are not very poor, they allow them to do this, not considering that unless they will be able to leave them money enough to keep themselves eventually, they are doing their children the greatest injury,—in fact, they are keeping them back in life. If they do not go to service early they never make good servants. Service, like other trades, is one that must be learnt young, if you wish to excel. The idleness of a home life is a bad preparation for the difficulties that await you. To be a valued servant in a respectable, kind family, is a position no one need disdain. If servants behave well, and remain in their places, they become friends rather than servants, and are treated accordingly. But when girls are always making difficulties about their work, and threatening "to leave this

day month " unless everything is arranged to their fancy, can one wonder that so many of them die, friendless and moneyless, in the workhouse?

I think that by watching children at school one can pretty well tell who will hereafter "get on." Not the cleverest child, nor the forwardest, but the one who, like the Duke of Wellington, does his duty, the boy or girl whose mind is in the work set before him, who does not require to be told the same thing twice over, who does not feel it beneath him to fag on at one rule in arithmetic, or at one reading lesson, till he thoroughly knows it. But the girl who gets angry if told her needlework is so bad that she must be taught how to hold her needle properly, or the boy who declines learning the multiplication table perfectly, because he thinks he is old enough to do sums in proportion, will not only fail to get on in life, but will probably go backwards, till they find they can scarcely maintain themselves by the hardest and lowest drudgery.

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### LOSING A PLACE.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, Mrs. Smith, I am so glad to see you! Step in. I am so full of trouble!

*Mrs. Smith.* Sorry to hear it. I thought you must be so happy. I hear Ben is doing so well in Australia, and is coming home.

*Mrs. Jones.* Poor boy! so he says; but I know better. I shall never set eyes on him again. I almost wish I had let him be drowned, as he was, sooner than that evil beasts should devour him.

*Mrs. Smith.* Mercy ! Mrs. Jones, you don't say he has been eaten up ?

*Mrs. Jones.* I don't know what has become of him, but that's the most likely thing. I dreamt last night that I saw a ship, and a something they called a shroud on it. What can that mean but a death ?

*Mrs. Smith.* You had been thinking of Ben, I suppose, and a shroud is a sort of sail. Come, cheer up, if that's all.

*Mrs. Jones.* But worse is behind. I have heard the death-watch these three nights. What is that ?

*Mrs. Smith.* Oh, the crickets. They do come out of an evening, and are tiresome. I hear them most nights, and, thank God ! we've never had a death in the house.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, I wish I enjoyed better health. I have such shudderings in the night ; and if I wake father for company, he is so cross. I fancy I see great black things come down the chimney, like what mother used to tell me when I was a child ; and yet I know all the time that it is nonsense.

*Mrs. Smith.* Well, I had what's called a warning. Three crows lighted on the top of the house, and there was a raven seen hopping across the garden. Still, let's hope Ben will come back safe.

*Mrs. Jones.* But you don't know half my trouble. Here is Letty, who went only yesterday to be nurse at Williams's, the doctor's, sent back home to-day ; just as though she was a thief or a murderer, and everything that is bad. More fool I ! to let her go to a place on a Friday !

*Mrs. Smith.* Oh, but you should take the law of them. They are well-to-do people, who can pay for such a wrong as that. There's Lawyer Higgs, at Hinxton, is very clever; and is no friend, I have heard, of Dr. Williams. You should get him to threaten Williams, and write lawyers' letters. I believe, if people get a lawyer's letter, and don't do as they are asked, you can take their goods.

*Mrs. Jones.* Why, the plague is, they *have* given her wages and board wages; so it isn't that.

*Mrs. Smith.* But what ever do they say they sent her away for?

*Mrs. Jones.* Nothing—nothing in the world. One of the children was tiresome, and she gave it a slap—and no harm either, I have given Letty many a slap myself; and as her mistress didn't like that, she kept him quiet at night, when he wanted to play, by telling him a bogie would come and take him. I am sure my mother used for ever to tell me about the bogie up the chimney.

*Mrs. Smith.* And was that all?

*Mrs. Jones.* So she says. But I have a mother's feelings, and I shall just tell her what I think of her treating my poor girl so, who had done nothing to harm her. But, oh dear me, Mrs. Smith! isn't that Mrs. Williams coming over the hill towards the house?

*Mrs. Smith.* Sure enough it is her, and coming here.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, my good woman, please to stay and see me through it. I never pretended to have a good temper, but I can't help that; we are as God has made us, and I have the feelings of a mother, and cannot stand

by and see my poor girl ill-used. I must tell Mrs. Williams how cruel she has behaved; and me, a poor woman with trouble all round me!

*Mrs. Williams.* Good morning to you, Mrs. Smith; and to you, Mrs. Jones. I called to explain to you my sending Letty home so soon; but, please, will you ask her to come down-stairs? I saw her at the bed-room window.

*Mrs. Jones.* I don't know indeed, ma'am. She may be too hurt in her feelings to wish to come down, after being treated as if she were a thief or a murderer, as it were.

*Mrs. Williams.* If she had been either, she would now be in prison, not in her mother's house. Please tell her to come down, or I will go up to her.

*Letty.* What did you please to want? I've done nothing wrong, and I'll stand to it.

*Mrs. Williams.* When you came yesterday, I told you there were two things I must make you promise. First, never to say anything to my children that was not quite true; and, secondly, never to beat them; and you promised both. That evening you beat Master John, and during the night you told him that a great black thing called a bogie would come in the dark and take him away. When I found this out, and spoke to you, you told me you could not manage the children any other way; and so I sent you home.

*Letty.* Well, Master John, he threw down the nursery basket of socks, and work, and balls of cotton, and they flew all over the floor and under the beds, and made me so angry I did not know what I did. I don't pretend



but what my temper is very hot, but it is soon over ; and what was I to have done with such a tiresome provoking child ?

*Mrs. Williams.* You should have done what I did—make him pick up everything he had thrown down, and then made him sit still on a chair for ten minutes to think about it. • It was only an accident, and he would have been more careful another time. He is but a baby not four years old, and had never been beaten in his life. It frightened him to death.

*Letty.* Well, it was not premeditated.

*Mrs. Williams.* What do you mean by that long word ? I wonder where you learnt it.

*Letty.* I did not go for to do it, but he made me so angry.

*Mrs. Williams.* You had frightened him so, he could not sleep ; and then you tried to quiet him by threatening what you know was not true. Nervous children never forget such things as stories about ghosts and bogies. Your mother said, Letty, that I had treated you as if you were a thief. I had much rather you *had* taken my money away than my child's courage, as far as I am concerned.

*Mrs. Jones.* Beg pardon, ma'am ; I am no scholar—never pretended to be one ; but I cannot for the life of me see that my poor girl has done anything to be ashamed of. If children are not to be touched, and not to be spoken to, what ever is to be done with them ? Hope you will excuse a mother, but it is for all the world like the king in the Bible, that ordered the people to make bricks out of straw. Can't be done ; and if you

will look at it in that way, you will see my poor girl has only her mother to stand up for her.

*Mrs. Williams.* As Letty says, she has a bad temper. I do not advise her to go where there are children. If she is a housemaid, and quarrels with her brooms and pails, or a cook, and loses patience with her saucepans, she does no harm to any one except herself ; but children never respect those who do they know not what because they are in a passion. Children, too, have their feelings as well as mothers, and know when they are treated unjustly.

*Mrs. Jones.* Well, as I said before, I am not a scholar, and cannot answer a lady like you ; not but what I think nobody as was anything of a lady would behave so to a poor friendless girl like mine, who has nobody to take her part, poor girl !

*Mrs. Smith.* You will excuse me for speaking up, ma'am, but Mrs. Jones, you see, enjoys very bad health, and gets flustered ; she don't mean any offence, I am sure, to you and the good doctor.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh no, of course not ; but I must say what I feel ; and as to the doctor, no doubt he has been very good to us in time of trouble, but I have always paid him, or meant to, which is the same thing ; but I have no wish to offend. But to stand by and see one's child used so cruel—it is not in a mother to do it.

*Mrs. Williams.* Good morning, Mrs. Jones. Dr. Williams will speak to your husband, who will understand better than you do. Good morning, Mrs. Smith ; and, Letty, any way I can help you I will, but not to be about children.

*Mrs. Jones.* Good morning, ma'am ; you'll repent some day of what you have done to my poor girl.

*Mrs. Smith.* There, she's gone. Now let us have a comfortable cup of tea. Letty, my girl, fill the kettle, and if there's a bit of bacon in the cupboard you can fry it ; I think it would revive your mother.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, Letty, what trouble you have brought upon us, and I so poorly ! I spoke up stout to Mrs. Williams, because I wished her to see I had a spirit of my own ; but oh, dear me, whatever did you go to touch the children for, when their mother could hear them ? You will break my heart, you will. I never could do anything with you, and you will live to be a disgrace to us all, you will.

*Letty.* Never fear, mother. I will take myself off somewhere, and you shall never hear of me again, if you go on like that. You will never know whether I am drowned or what.

*Mr. Jones.* What is that I heard you saying as I came in, Letty ? I know all about you from the doctor. He was quite right in sending you off ; but he says you are young, and are not too old to mend, and he will try to hear of something for you. Don't let me hear any nonsense about running away. It is none so easy in these days, you are sure to be caught, and you would not like to be shut up in a reformatory till you come to your senses. See how well Ben and your sister have turned out, and think of your little brothers and sisters who lie in the churchyard, and don't make me wish you had been taken like them before you did wrong.

*Mrs. Smith.* Come now, Letty, my good girl, your

father talks beautiful to you, quite like a sermon. Go and set the cups and saucers. Some tea will do us all a world of good, and perhaps there is a bit of bacon for your poor mother.

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### HOW TO NURSE SICK PEOPLE.

You will wonder what young school-girls like you can have to do with nursing others, but when you leave school you are almost sure to come amongst the sick. As their recovery often depends much more on their nurse than on their doctor, it is desirable that you should be taught how you can be useful to them. The first requisite is a valuable one in all circumstances—you must try not to be selfish ; not to be intent on your own pleasures and comforts. The girl who cannot hear the sound of an organ in the street without running out after it, the girl who is for ever seen idling at the entrance of the court in which she lives, talking to every acquaintance that passes, the girl who is constantly gossiping in other people's houses, will never be of the least use in illness. Should she have a sick baby-brother left in her care, she will let him scream himself into fits on finding himself alone ; or she will stand about with him in a cold wind, till he may lose his life, by getting inflammation of the lungs. If her mother is ill and confined to her bed, she will be made worse because she never knows where her girl is ; nor can she depend upon her to get her what she wants, or to keep things tidy

and comfortable down-stairs for her father and the other children.

Then a good nurse is always very good-tempered. Sick people are often very trying, and find fault without reason. A sick child will cry for hours, and nothing you can do can pacify it; but this is only its way of telling you it is miserable, and perhaps suffering from pain that it cannot describe.

But remember all that the sick have to bear, and do not let anything provoke you to argue, or give sharp answers, or even to bang the door and look cross and angry. It will be your turn to be ill some day, and then, and not till then, will you know how difficult it is to be satisfied with all that is done for you.

Another requisite is a very strict adherence to truth and accuracy in all you say. Doctors often complain of the careless, loose way in which those about the sick describe their symptoms. For instance, they are often told that "the patient has not taken any food since he was there," meaning that she had had no regular meal, when the truth was, she had had frequent spoonfuls of soup and wine, which quite altered the case. He is told that "she had never closed her eyes all night," when she only meant that there has been no steady firm sleep, though she has frequently dozed for a short time. "She has been burning hot all night," when perhaps she has been in a healthy perspiration. And there is often great misrepresentation of the doctor's opinion. We are frequently told, "He gives no hopes of her whatever," meaning only that he could not positively say there was no danger. And in much less important matters great

care should be taken not to mislead the sick in what appear to be trifles. "The doctor says he shall be here *directly*," "The dinner will be ready *in one minute*;" "This medicine will *certainly* relieve you," are phrases in constant use in a sick-room, and often cause weary waiting, and then disappointment and irritation. Time goes so slowly to an invalid, and when the one minute becomes twenty the poor patient is exhausted.

A sick lady once asked her maid whether she could get her a cup of tea, and was promised she should have it "this instant." For more than half an hour she listened anxiously for the return of her attendant, who, finding there was no milk in the house, had good-naturedly, but heedlessly, gone off to a shop for it, and when she came back she found that her mistress had fainted. All this might have been prevented had she returned to say she could not keep her promise, as the lady might then have chosen some other refreshment.

I hope I need not tell you that nurses should be excessively clean themselves, and keep everything around them so. It seems to take a great deal of trouble to do this, but it hastens the recovery of the sick. There is no disease that is not lessened by fresh air and cleanliness, and in some illnesses no other remedy is needful. It is also the best preservative against infection. Those who are attended by regularly-trained nurses, are washed all over with soap and water as they lie in bed, and this can be done without removing or wetting the bed-clothes. A medical man was once asked how he had prevented scarlet fever from spreading in his own house when his child caught it. "By not allowing

infection to exist," he said. "With a thorough draught through the rooms, and everything clean every day, there can be no infection;" and, in fact, though that house was full of children, no one caught it. It is very common to hear people who have been nursing the sick declare "they have not had their clothes off for weeks together." It is to be hoped that they do not literally mean that they have been so dirty. It is their way of saying that they have not gone regularly into bed. But even this is a mistake. Any one who sits up at night should undress, and put on a very loose, easy dressing-gown—no stays—and soft slippers, and in the morning, after a thorough wash, should put on their usual clothes till the evening. But, except on some very urgent occasion, no one ever should sit up more than two successive nights unless they go quite into bed for some hours during the day.

Neighbours are usually very kind in offering to help; they will wash out a few things, or clean a floor, or sit up all night, or will bring some of their own dinners that they think the sick person may like. But sometimes, with the best intentions, they do harm, by crowding into the bed-room and talking to each other in a distracting manner. They fancy it sounds kind and sympathizing to make the worst of every symptom, to tell the patients how very bad they do look, and how much they fear they never will be any better. If the complaint is infectious they are just as ready to come in and help. In this respect the poor are often examples to the rich; but, on the other hand, they often run into useless danger, which only spreads the calamity. "I am not afraid," is considered a sufficient preservative; but unless great good can be done

by going into an infected house, it is surely much better to keep out of it. One or, at the utmost, two persons are sufficient in the sick-room, and the less conversation that goes on there, the better. If your patient talks to you, answer her clearly and intelligibly, never whisper to her, or to any one else in her presence; but never tell her, if you can help it, anything that will make her anxious or unhappy. Never describe illnesses like her own, or suggest the causes of her present suffering. Never argue or dispute with her, or tire her with long stories; and do not find fault with her doctor, unless you mean her to change him for some one else.

There is another fault into which young nurses fall, though it may not be a very common one. Where they are affectionately attached to their patient they will make themselves ill, while they feel they are of use, sooner than ask to be allowed to rest.

Invalids cannot realise what those about them go through. Day and night seem much the same to them, and they forget that those around them never leave the room. Now, in this case, the very kindest thing you can do is distinctly to say you must have a few hours of unbroken sleep, and then make the best arrangements you can for supplying your place. This will enable you to resume your post strengthened and cheered, and qualified to do your duty well. You will be able to be more patient, too, if your invalid is exacting and unreasonable. But I am sure you will not forget that the time may soon come, when it will be the greatest comfort to recollect that "you did all you could." When those we have nursed are taken beyond our care, how we should regret any



hasty word or any small neglect which now never can be atoned for! God gave them into our charge, and even the cup of cold water we know He will not forget.

When people are very ill and restless, and cannot command their own thoughts, sometimes it soothes and calms them to be read to. They find comfort in hearing parts of the Bible, or Prayer-book, or hymns that they have known in health. You should not do this unless they wish it, and be careful not to tire them with reading too long; but it may be a great consolation when this world is fading from their view, to be reminded of that better one, of which we are told there is no sickness there, and that all tears are wiped away from their eyes.

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#### HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT.

“WHAT in the world can *we* have to do with managing a house?” you will say. “We eat and drink what mother gives us, go off to school, and home to play; but to manage a house is no affair of ours.” But you are mistaken there; it is, or may be, your business any day. Do not many of your mothers go out to work, leaving you to manage the house, and the baby as well? Are not your mothers ill sometimes and in bed, and unable to see to anything down-stairs? Some of you have had the misfortune of losing your mothers, and have to mind the house and keep things comfortable for your father. I knew a widow who was obliged to go out nursing for months together, and she left her boy and girl of ten and eleven years old to manage the house, or at least the

room in which they lived by themselves. They could both cook and both clean, and no children came to school more tidy and punctually than they did. They are grown up now, and have turned out extremely well. This shows you that children younger than you are may and can manage a house.

But what does a good manager mean? I am sure you have often heard, perhaps you have often seen, that one person will make sixpence go farther than another person's shillings. Some people muddle away a great deal of money, and get no comfort out of it; others, with less, not only live well, but have a trifle to spare. How does this happen? Good sense and activity will make anybody a good manager; foolishness and idleness will make anybody a bad one. The dirty, untidy girl surely comes out of a dirty, untidy home. Dirt is in itself extravagance, and costs a great deal. The clothes that are not half washed, the furniture that is never rubbed, the frying-pan that is never cleaned, will not last half as long as if they had been properly attended to. It is often said that the working classes are bad managers because they are such bad cooks, and that they would live much better if they knew how to make the cheap dishes for which benevolent persons give them so many recipes, which, however, they have never tried themselves. I do not think there is much truth in this. A poor woman generally knows pretty well how to cook the food her family likes, as they like to have it cooked. And sufficient thought is not given to the different circumstances in which the working classes are placed. It is all very well to advise a woman to make

her "soup with carrots, onions, and a few heads of celery, some parsley and sweet herbs, with a little endive," if she lives in the country, but in or near a town it would be a very expensive dish. Then in winter she may manage to stew her meat for four or five hours as directed, but in summer she must keep up a fire on purpose ; for no doubt she would get a neighbour to boil her kettle for breakfast, turn about with her, and so save coals. Then, in the evening, the frying-pan, with a bit of fat bacon in it and some potatoes, will make a nice hot supper for the father, and I believe there is nothing any of you like better.

I am surprised, though, that more of you do not bake your own bread. It is said to save one loaf in six, and then you know what you are eating. I do not give you any recipes for baking ; for, though you would soon learn if you saw it done, I do not think it can be taught by a book ; but you may easily find some one who will show you how to set about it. Both boys and girls would find it as good as £5 in their pockets to be able to turn out a loaf of really light and wholesome bread. There is no need to have an iron oven—the one usually belonging to a cottage range, or even a Dutch oven, will suffice. But, in order to manage a house well, there are certain articles you ought to have, and your father will not grudge them when he sees that you make a good use of them. It is a wretched plan to be always sending in to a neighbour to borrow a pail, or scrubbing-brush. You must have the necessary utensils for cleaning and cooking, but they will not cost much ; and if you get them at a good shop, and take care of them, they will last a long

time. A gridiron, a frying-pan, and two saucepans are the least you can have for cooking ; a teakettle and a coal-scuttle are indispensable. But if you are the sort of girl that lets the water boil away, and the bottom of the kettle get burnt out, you had better not buy anything but a tin one. An iron one is much more lasting, but it costs more, and will equally be spoilt if you forget to fill it up. The coal-scuttle will pay itself, in saving the quantity of coals I so often see on a cottage floor, spilt from the shovel that carries them. Your brother, if he is anything of a brother, will fill the scuttle for you over night, especially if he finds you brisk and alive in the morning, in time to get a good breakfast for your father and the boys before they go out to work. You should have a jug and basin in your bed-rooms, and not give in to the practice of slipping on your clothes, and going down to the sink to wash your hands in the morning. The one thing for which girls always seem to find time is their hair-dressing. It is wonderful how they do plait, and puff, and friz it ; and no harm either, only a good wash would really add much more to their appearance, and, what is of more consequence, to their health also. No one need expect to feel quite well who does not thoroughly wet their skin once in the twenty-four hours. Miss Nightingale says it may be done if you can get a tumbler of water and a pocket handkerchief, if nothing better is to be had. I suppose that was all she had in the Crimea.

In very cold weather in winter, I fear if you have not sufficient blankets, some of you go to bed in your day-clothes, whereas you ought to hang them over a chair or a line to get fresh and purified before you put them on

again. You had better put old cloaks or coats over the bed-clothes, and a bottle of hot water is a cheap comfort on an icy cold night.

I do not like to say a word against your drinking tea, for to those who are used to it it is such a comfort; but if children would take to cocoa or coffee, both are better for them, and more economical. And does it not seem a pity that they are not brought up to like a greater variety of food? Scotch and Irish peasants enjoy porridge beyond everything; in America and India maize is equally liked; but our children fancy nothing but bread and butter. Butter is fearfully dear just now—1s. 6d. or 1s. 8d. the pound—and yet I saw a girl fetching a quarter of a pound, whose mother told me she did not know which way to turn to find bread for her children. Now dripping is 7d. a pound, and one of the first physicians in London orders it to some of his patients, as he thinks there is more nourishment in it than in butter; but I dare say none of you would like it. It often surprises me to see how daintily the children in cottages are sometimes brought up, compared to those of a higher class. Young boys who are sent to Eton and Harrow must eat the school dinner or go without, and therefore learn to take whatever is set before them; but many of you grow up disliking, some one thing and some another. “I never could bear rice;” “My boy turns against boiled meat;” “My girl cannot take suet pudding;” and one girl I knew gave as a reason for running away from a school in London, that “she was so tired of the dinners—mutton and potatoes—she would have liked a red herring.” A Scotchwoman once said “she gave her children their will, because she

had nothing else to give them ;" but perhaps the giving them their will was the very reason why she *had* nothing else. It is expensive work to give way to these sort of fancies, which can be got over when young, but become really insurmountable when people are grown up. It is better to do as a lady once told me she did, who "brought up her children to eat whatever was convenient."

In the country you may be able to keep poultry, rabbits, or a pig. To take care of them is nice work for boys and girls ; but animals all require attention and cleanliness. The pig is said always to pay the rent ; rabbits are very profitable, and would make a variety in your food. A rabbit pie comes in so well for the Sunday dinner. It can be made on Saturday, and then you need only warm it up on Sunday, when you have your best dress on, and are going to church or chapel, or for a walk, and will be glad to be saved cooking. And if your children have not these occupations, they may all help to save, if they cannot help to gain. One girl will burn twice the fire and candle that will do for another, when she is left to take care of the house and the baby. She strews the coals about the room, never throws up the cinders, and lets the candle waste down to the socket, flaring away by the open door, while she runs out to see what the noise in the street is about ; and by the time the father comes home, candle and fire are both out, there is no money at hand to get more, and he goes off to the public-house, where his wants will be attended to. Of the men that are given to drink, how many are driven to it by the women that belong to them (be they wives or daughters) not enough studying to make home what it should be !

I hope that, when your brothers and sisters come in for their meals, you will always have a table-cloth spread and cups and saucers and plates put out, and get them to sit down. Do not allow them to run in at all times, snatch whatever they can find in the cupboard, and eat it out of doors. Doing this makes them feel as if they had no regular home, and need not keep regular hours, so that you cannot tell where they are or who they are with. Teach them to eat neatly and properly, and not scramble like so many savages. All such good habits cost nothing, except a little trouble, and I hope you do not mind that.

One day in the week is generally a wretched one in a cottage. You will all guess I mean washing day, when it is supposed nothing can be cooked except the clothes which are boiling in the saucepan, and when your father comes home, he can hardly get across the room for the wet things hanging from the line that flap in his face. The smell of soap-suds and the damp steam make home very unattractive compared to the bright gin-palace he has just passed. But there is no need for all this mess. The clothes of three or four persons, if soaked and soaped over night, may well be washed before twelve the next day, if you get up at five. If possible, hang them out of doors to dry. If you have no convenience for doing so, take them down before dusk, and don't try to iron till the next day. If the family is too large to do this in one day, keep some back till the next, but do have time to make the place comfortable and to have your meals as usual.

The next important question is how to manage your shopping. I sometimes almost wish that tradespeople would not dress up their windows with such enticing and

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pretty things in them. How often young girls are to be seen longing for the green bonnet, or the pink dress, or the smart buckles, as they stand looking in, sometimes forgetting the poor baby in its perambulator behind them ! Not that there is any harm in admiring what is pretty, or in buying it either, if you feel quite sure of two things—first, that you really need it, and secondly, that you have money in your pocket to pay for it which is not wanted for anything else.

Tradespeople are very clever in persuading their customers that their goods are better and cheaper than other people's, and they have an argument always ready in favour of buying dear articles. "It will come cheapest in the end." This is true of some things, but quite the contrary in many others. A fine and dear calico will not make your father so strong and lasting a shirt as a coarser one that costs less. On the other hand, a very cheap flimsy cloth, that will wash into a rag, though cheaper still, "*will not* be cheap in the end." A shopkeeper tried to persuade a girl to buy a black silk dress instead of a coburg, saying, "It would be a black silk at all times" (which nobody doubted), and that "it would come cheaper in the end." But would it ? She might have had two stout coburgs for the money, and, doing the work she had to do, what a mess she would make of the black silk ! On all occasions, make use of your own senses, and do not be talked over by a flattering shopman.

I do not advise your going to a cheap butcher ; his meat is probably diseased or tainted. Go to a good, well-established shop, in the evening, just before it closes, with your money in your hand, and if the master of it knows



the sort of thing you want, he will give you a good bargain of trimmings, and bits of excellent meat that will make capital stews and hashes. And do not buy cheap shop shoes, the sole and the upper leather will hardly hold together for a week. If you know any honest working shoemaker, let him measure you and make what you want; they will fit better and last longer, and you are saved the profit of the shopkeeper. Whatever you do, do not get things "set down;" those shop-bills are the beginning of troubles, which are sometimes never ending. If you are known to belong to a respectable family, you will very easily get credit; but then comes the day of reckoning, perhaps just when your father is ill, and cannot earn anything, or when work is slack, and the boys have nothing to do. A poor woman who had not bread to eat, was persuaded to take a shawl that cost £2 5s., because the shopman told her "it would be the cheapest in the end." But the end was the pawnbroker's shop, where probably it is now; for with a large family and a sickly husband, how should such a shawl be within her reach? I believe it is always better for the poor to deal with tradespeople who are in a large way, and have a good trade. The small ones get so many bad debts, that they are obliged to make their honest customers pay more than they need, to make up. This is why the co-operative stores, of which we hear so much, are cheap. They give no credit to any one; and you will be wise to deal there if you have one within reach.

I do not know whether there is much use in talking to you about "managing" that your house should be well ventilated. You have heard often enough that a close

room is destructive to health ; but yet I never went into a cottage, hardly ever into a school, except in the great heat of summer, where every breath of that great cordial—fresh air—was not as much as possible shut out. It seems difficult for you to believe that closeness of itself makes you feel chilly. But it does ; no supply of fresh air getting into the lungs, the circulation of the blood is languid, cold feet and hands, and an aching head, are the consequences, and you become weak, and powerless to fight against any disease that may attack you. A set of pictures have been published in America that I should like to show you, where a lady and gentleman are represented as sitting in a room full of bad air, coloured blue, and admitting only the least thread of good air into it, coloured red. This arises, I believe, from the dread of that fearful thing, a draught, which is supposed to kill every one that it reaches. Happily, there is always *some* draught in a room. If there were actually none, a few hours would end our lives. Fresh air cannot come into a room, unless the bad air can escape from it. Even if doors and windows are shut, there are always some small apertures, besides the chimneys, though not enough to displace the bad air, which we are breathing as quickly as we spoil it.

A draught is, in fact, wind. You do not expect to get cold from going out on a windy day. Of course, if your room is very hot, and without any additional clothing you sit just where very cold air is coming in, you may be the worse, as you would if you stood out of doors in such a case. But you need not expose yourself in that manner. It is one of the late

discoveries of doctors, that where people have a tendency to consumption, pure fresh air is the best preventative, instead of the close rooms in which they used to be ordered to confine themselves. Veterinary surgeons will also tell you that they have found out that stables which used to be kept so close, and smell so disagreeable, were very bad for the health of the horses. Now the best stables are well ventilated, as your rooms ought to be, though I am afraid that horses often have a more wholesome sleeping apartment than yours.

One other requisite is necessary in a good manager, and that is a good temper. If you are for ever making cross remarks,—about how much the others eat and drink, about their causing the house to be dirty or untidy, spoiling their clothes, etc.,—they will not have any heart to try to please you. Be cheerful and kind, and, if the dinner runs rather short and the coals rather low, they will feel you still are doing your best, and will not grumble.

## POETRY.

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### THE LOST DAY.

Lost—lost—lost !

A gem of countless price,  
Cut from the living rock,  
And graved in Paradise.  
Set round with three times eight  
Large diamonds, clear and bright,  
And each with sixty smaller ones  
All changeful as the light.

Lost—lost—lost !

I feel all search is vain,  
That gem of countless cost  
Can ne'er be mine again.  
I offer no reward,  
For till these heart-strings sever,  
I know that heaven-intrusted gift  
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land  
Like burning scroll have fled,  
I'll see it in His hand  
Who judgeth quick and dead.

And when of scathe and loss  
That men can ne'er repair,  
The dread inquiry meets my soul,  
What shall it answer there ?

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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### THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

I saw a little girl,  
With half uncovered form,  
And wondered why she wandered thus  
Amid the winter storm.

They said her mother drank  
What took her sense away ;  
And so she let her children go  
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man  
To prison for his crime ;  
Where solitude, and punishment,  
And toil divide the time.

And as they forced him through its gate,  
Unwillingly along,  
They told me 'twas the maddening drink  
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep,  
As if her heart would break ;  
They said her husband drank too much  
Of what he should not take.

I saw an unfrequented mound,  
Where weeds and brambles wave ;  
They said no tear had fallen there,—  
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all  
The risks that drunkards run ;  
For there was danger lest the soul  
Be evermore undone.

Water is very pure and sweet,  
And beautiful to see,  
And since it cannot do me harm,  
It is the drink for me.

*Chambers' Educational Tracts.*

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### HEROES.

THE wind was soft and heavy,  
Where African palm-trees tower,  
Hardly stirring the river,  
Hardly shaking a flower ;  
The night was grave and splendid,  
A dead queen lying in state,  
With all her jewels upon her,  
And trumpets at her gate.

The wild notes waved and lingered,  
And fainted along the air,—  
Sometimes like defiance,  
And sometimes like despair,

When down the moon-lit mountain  
And beside the river calms,  
The line of a dismal procession  
Unwound between the palms.

A train of driven captives,  
Weary, weak; amazed,—  
Eighty hopeless faces,  
Never once upraised.  
Bleeding from the journey,  
Longing for the grave,  
Men and women and children,  
Every one a slave.

Lash'd, and crying, and crouching,  
They pass'd, suspecting not  
There were three or four English  
Whose hearts grew very hot ;  
Men who had come from a distance,  
Whose lives were in their hands,  
To tell the love of Jesus  
About the heathen lands.

Studious men and gentle,  
But not in the least afraid,  
With fire enough amongst them  
To furnish a crusade.  
And when they saw the slave troop  
Come hurrying down the hill,  
Each man looked at the other,  
Unable to be still.

They did not care for treaties,  
And death they did not fear ;  
*One* great wrong would have roused them,  
There were eighty here.  
They were not doing man's work,  
They were doing the Lord's ;  
So they went and stopped the savages  
With these amazing words :

" We are three or four English,  
And we *cannot let this be*,—  
Get away to your mountains,  
And set the people free ! "  
You should have seen the black men,  
How grey their faces turn ;  
They think the name of England  
Is something that will burn.

They break, they fly like water  
In a rushing, mighty wind !  
The slaves stretch out uncertain hands,  
By long despair made blind ;  
Till in a wonderful moment  
The gasp of freedom came,  
Like the leap of a tropical sunrise,  
That sets the world aflame.

A blast of weeping and shouting  
Cleansed all the guilty place ;  
And God was able to undraw  
The curtain from His face.



A hundred years of preaching  
Could not proclaim the creed  
Of Love, and Power, and Pity,  
So well as that one deed.

A glorious gift is Prudence,  
And they are useful friends  
Who never make beginnings  
Till they can see the ends ;  
But give us now and then a man,  
That we may make him king,  
Just to scorn the consequence,  
And just to *do the thing*.

*Poems written for a Child.*

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### THE CRUSADER.

" THINE hour is come, and the stake is set,"  
The Soldan cried to the captive knight ;  
" And the sons of the prophet in throngs are met,  
To gaze on the fearful sight.

" But be our faith by thy lips confessed—  
The faith of Mecca's shrine ;  
Cast down the red cross that braids thy vest,  
And life may yet be thine."

" I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,  
And gazed with undaunted eye ;  
I have borne the red cross through fire and flood,  
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

"I have stood where thousands, by Salem's towers,  
Have fallen for the Name Divine,  
And the faith that cheered their closing hours  
Shall be the light of mine."

"Then must thou fall in the pride of health,  
And the glow of youth's first bloom ;  
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth,  
Or tortures and the tomb."

"I have been where a crown of thorns was twined  
For a dying Saviour's brow ;  
He spurned the treasures that lure mankind,  
And I reject them now."

"Art thou the son of a noble line,  
In a land that is fair and blest,  
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive, pine  
Again on its shores to rest ?

"Thine own is the choice to hail once more  
The soil of thy father's birth,  
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er,  
Forgotten in foreign earth."

"Oh, dear are the vine-clad hills that rise  
In the country of my love ;  
But still, though cloudless my native skies,  
There are brighter realms above."

“Are there none within thy father’s hall,  
Far o’er the wide blue main,  
Young Christian, left to deplore thy fall,  
With sorrow deep and vain?”

“There are hearts that still, through all the past,  
Unchanging, have loved me well;  
There are eyes whose tears were streaming fast  
When I bade my home farewell.

“Better they wept o’er the warrior’s bier  
Than the apostate’s living stain;  
There’s a land where those who loved when here  
Shall meet to love again.”

MRS. HEMANS.

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### A NORTH POLE STORY.

#### A FACT.

Up where the world grows cold,  
Under the sharp North star,  
The wrinkled ice is very old,  
And the life of man is far:  
None to see when the fog falls white,  
And none to shiver and hear  
How wild the bears are in the night,  
Which lasts for half a year!

The wind may blow as it will,  
But it cannot shake a tree,

Nor stir the waves which lie so still  
On the corpse of that dead sea !  
The sun comes out over flowerless strands,  
Where only ice-tears flow,  
When the North weeps for sweet woodlands,  
Which she must never know.

Earth speaks with awful lips,  
“ No place for man is here !  
Between my bergs I'll crush your ships,  
If you will come too near.  
You shall be slain by bitter wind,  
Or starved on barren shore ;  
My cruel snow shall strike you blind ;  
Go—trouble me no more ! ”

But British men are fain  
To venture on and through ;  
And when you tell them to refrain,  
They set themselves to do.  
Into the secrets of the snow  
They hurry and they press ;  
And answer Nature's coldest “ No ! ”  
With a great shout of “ Yes ! ”

It was a little band  
Went on that dangerous track,  
To do a message from our land,  
And bring an answer back.

The frost had bound their good ship tight,  
And years were come and gone,  
When a few brave hearts, as best they might,  
Went over the shores alone.

And as one strode so bold,  
He saw a sight of fear—  
Nine white wolves came over the wold,  
And they were watching a deer.  
By three and by two and by one  
A cunning half-moon they made ;  
They glanced at each other, and did not run,  
But crept like creatures afraid.

They knew what they were about,  
And the poor thing knew it too ;  
It turned its head like a child in doubt,  
And shrank, and backward drew.  
But whether it looked to left or right,  
It met a savage eye ;  
And the man stood still, and saw the sight,  
And felt that it must die.

Backward, trembling and fast,  
And onward, crafty and slow,  
And over the cliff's sheer edge at last,  
And crash on the ice below.  
But then, with a whirl and a plunge and a whoop,  
The wolves are down the hill ;  
They break their ranks, that wild white troop,  
When it is time to kill.

And days and nights went past,  
And the men grew weary and pale ;  
Scanty food and freezing blast,  
And hearts beginning to fail !  
The wanderer knew his steps were slow,  
And his eyes were languid and dim,  
When nine white wolves came over the snow,  
And they were watching—him !

He saw them gather and glance,  
And he remembered the deer !  
He saw them frame their cunning advance,  
And he felt a little fear !  
But never a hair's breadth did he swerve,  
Nor lower his looks a whit,  
He faced the cruel scimeter curve,  
And then walked up to it !

There is never a beast so strong  
As to bear a brave man's eye !  
They crouched—they looked as if nothing was wrong,  
And then they turned to fly.  
The man stood still and drew his breath,  
When he saw the scattering ranks ;  
He had been face to face with death :  
I hope he uttered thanks.

There's a fireside far away  
A little anxious now,  
Where a man shall sit one joyful day,  
And tell of the world of snow ;

And tell of the wolves who sup so grim,  
And leave no bone behind,  
And how they meant to sup on him,  
But looked—and changed their mind.

*Poems written for a Child.*

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### FISHERMAN'S SONG.

COME, messmates, 'tis time to hoist the sail,  
It's as fair as fair can be ;  
And the eddying tide, and the northerly gale,  
Will carry us out to sea.  
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,  
We must part with the setting sun.  
For ere we can spread our nets in the deep  
We've a weary way to run.

As through the night-watches we drift about,  
We'll think of the times that are fled,  
And of Him who once called other fishermen out,  
To be fishers of men instead.  
Like us they had hunger and cold to bear,  
Rough weather like us they knew ;  
And He who guarded them by His care  
Full often was with them too.

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,  
And but little way they had made,  
When He came o'er the waters, and stood in their sight,  
And their hearts were sore afraid.

But He cheered their spirits, and said, "It is I,"  
And then they could fear no harm.  
And though we cannot behold Him nigh,  
He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toiled all the night, and had taken nought ;  
He commanded the stormy sea—  
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught  
A hundred and fifty-three.  
And good success to our boats He will send,  
If we trust in His mercy aright ;  
For He pitieth those who at home depend  
On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are tossed  
About on the stormy deep,  
We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost,  
When their Lord was "fast asleep."  
He saved them then, He can save us still,—  
For His are the winds and the sea ;  
And if He is with us we'll fear no ill,  
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,  
By a storm or a leak, like lead ;  
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think  
When the sea shall yield her dead.  
For they who depart in His faith and fear  
Shall find their passage is short,  
From the troublesome waves that beset life here  
To the everlasting port.

NEALE.



## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE mariners of England,  
That guard our native seas,  
Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze,  
Your glorious standard launch again,  
To match another foe ;  
And sweep through the deep  
While the stormy tempests blow,—  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave ;  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow,  
As you sweep through the deep  
While the stormy tempests blow,  
&c.            &c.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak,  
She quells the floods below,  
As they roar on the shore  
When the stormy tempests blow,  
&c.            &c.

The meteor flag of England  
Shall yet terrific burn ;  
Till danger's troubled night depart,  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !  
Our song and feast shall flow ;  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

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### YOUNG ROMILLY.

Young Romilly through Bardin's woods  
Is ranging high and low,  
And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
To let slip on buck or doe.

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
How tempting to bestride ;  
For lordly Wharf is there pent in,  
With rocks on either side.

The striding place is called the Strid,  
A name which it took of yore ;  
A thousand years it hath borne that name,  
And shall a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come,  
And what may now forbid  
That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
Shall bound across the Strid ?

He sprang in glee—for what cared he  
That the river was strong, and the rocks were  
steep ?

But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
And checked him in his leap.

The boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
And strangled by a merciless force ;  
For nevermore was young Romilly seen,  
Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale,  
And deep unspeaking sorrow,  
Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
A name more sad than Yarrow.

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Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, " Let there be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately priory."

The stately priory was reared,  
And Wharf, as he moved along  
To matins, joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at even-song.

And the lady prayed in heaviness,  
That looked not for relief.  
But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief.

Oh, there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our Friend.

WORDSWORTH.

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### SWEET SOUNDS.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the sun ;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.  
Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,  
I heard the skylark sing ;  
Sometimes all little birds that are—  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning.

And now, 'twas like all instruments ;  
Now like a lonely flute ;  
And now it is an angel's song  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased—yet still the sails made on,  
A pleasant noise till noon,—  
A noise like of a hidden brook,  
In the happy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

## CONCLUSION.

Farewell, farewell ! but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest :  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small ;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

*From "THE ANCIENT MARINER."*

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## VICTORIA'S TEARS.

"When the news of her accession to the throne was brought to the princess she burst into tears."

OH ! maiden, heir of kings,  
A king has left his place ;  
The majesty of death has swept  
All other from his face.  
And thou, upon thy mother's breast  
No longer now lean down,  
But take the glory for the rest,  
And rule the land that loves thee best.  
The maiden wept :  
She wept to wear a crown.

They decked her lordly halls,  
They reined her thousand steeds ;  
They shouted at her palace gates,  
"A maiden queen succeeds !"

Her name has stirred the mountain's sleep,  
Her praise has filled the town ;  
And mourners God had stricken deep,  
Looked hearkening up, and did not weep.  
Alone she wept,  
Who wept to wear a crown.

She saw no purple shine,  
For tears had dimmed her eyes ;  
She only knew her childhood's flowers  
Were happier pageantries.  
And while the heralds played their part,  
The million shouts to drown,  
" God save the Queen ! " from hill to mart—  
She heard, through all, her beating heart,  
And turned and wept !  
She wept to wear a crown.

God save thee, weeping Queen,  
Thou shalt be well beloved ;  
The tyrant's sceptre cannot move,  
As those pure tears have moved.  
The nature in thine eye we see  
Which tyrants cannot own—  
The love that guardeth liberties :  
Strange blessing on the nation lies  
Whose sovereign wept,—  
Yea, wept to wear a crown.

God bless thee, weeping Queen,  
With blessing more divine,

And fill with better love than earth's  
That tender heart of thine ;  
That when the thrones of earth shall be  
As low as graves brought down ;  
A pierced Hand may give to thee  
The crown which angels shout to see.  
Thou wilt not weep  
To wear that heavenly crown.

E. BARRETT BROWNING.

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### THE SONG OF THE CITY SPARROWS.

WHEN the summer-time is ended,  
And the winter days are near ;  
When the bloom hath all departed  
With the childhood of the year ;

When the martins and the swallows  
Flutter, cowardly, away ;  
Then the people can remember  
That the sparrows always stay ;

That, although we're plain and songless,  
And poor city birds are we,  
Yet, before their days of darkness  
We, the sparrows, never flee ;

But we hover round the window,  
And we peck against the pane,  
While we twitteringly tell them  
That the spring will come again.

And when drizzly dull November  
Falls so gloomily o'er all,  
And the misty fog enshrouds them  
In a dim and dreary pall ;

When the streets all fade to dreamland,  
And the people follow fast,  
And it seems as though the sunshine  
Was for evermore gone past,—

Then we glide among the housetops,  
And we track the murky waste,  
And we go about our business  
With a cheerful earnest haste ;

Not as though our food were plenty,  
Or no dangers we might meet ;  
But as though the work of living  
Was a healthy work, and sweet.

When the gentle snow descendeth,  
Like a white and glistening shroud,  
For the year whose life hath ended,  
Floated upward like a cloud ;

Then, although the open country  
Shineth very bright and fair,  
And the town is overclouded,  
Yet we still continue there ;



Even till the spring returneth,  
Bringing with it brighter birds,  
Unto whom the city people  
Give their love and gentle words ;

And we, yet again descending  
To become the least of all,  
Take our name as " only sparrows ! "  
And are slighted till we fall.

Still we're happy, happy, happy,  
Never minding what we be ;  
For we have a work and do it,  
Therefore very blithe are we

We enliven sombre winter,  
And we're loved while it doth last,  
And we're not the only creatures  
Who must live upon the past.

With a chirrup, chirrup, chirrup,  
We let all the slights go by,  
And we do not find they hurt us  
Or becloud the summer sky.

We are happy, happy, happy,  
Never minding what we be ;  
For we know the good Creator  
Even cares for such as we.

SARAH WILLIAMS (SADIE).

## THE SUNSHINE.

I LOVE the sunshine everywhere,  
In wood, and field, and glen.  
I love it in the busy haunts  
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in  
The humble cottage door,  
And casts the chequered casement shade  
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it, where the children lie  
Deep in the clovery grass,  
To watch among the twining rocks,  
The gold-green beetle pass.

I love it, on the breezy sea,  
To glance on sail and oar,  
While the great waves, like molten glass,  
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain tops,  
Where sleeps the thawless snow,  
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,  
Lies stretching out below.

Oh yes, I love the sunshine !  
Like kindness, or like mirth,  
Upon a human countenance,  
Is sunshine on the earth.

Upon the earth, upon the sea,  
And through the crystal air,  
Or piled-up clouds, the gracious sun  
Is glorious everywhere.

MARY HOWITT.

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### I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

I see them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play,  
Their lofty deeds and daring high,  
Blend with the notes of victory ;  
And waving arms and banners bright  
Are glancing in the mellow light.  
They're lost and gone, the morn is past—  
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast ;  
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
The moon is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,  
The clashing horn, they come ! they come !  
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,  
In long and glittering files they sweep ;  
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,  
The softened chorus meets the ear.  
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,  
Their trampling hoofs brook no delay.  
With thrilling fife, and pealing drum,  
And clashing horn, they come ! they come !

BISHOP HEBER.

## SHIPWRECK.

THREE days and nights the boat stood out,  
And battled for its life ;  
“ We’ll win through yet,” the captain said,  
And buckled to the strife.

We cheered him then, a feeble cheer,  
There was no breath to spare ;  
For one hand held a fainting hope,  
And one a strong despair.

The sun went down behind the hills,  
The mighty hills of foam ;  
And as the green the crimson caught,  
We thought of hills at home.

And here and there a sigh went up  
That might have been a prayer ;  
There was no time for talking then,  
No place for weakness there.

Then, like a mighty ghost, arose  
The darkness of the night,—  
Came on and on, close after us,  
Pursued and slew the light.

We drifted on, and on, and on,  
We knew not how nor where ;  
And as the chill of morning came  
We scarcely seemed to care.

Only the captain cheered us still :

“ 'Tis darkness tries a man ;

Fair-weather sailors are not we ;

Let him despair who can.”

And then our dying hope sprang up,

Like lion from its lair ;

It caught the traitor, Fear, and slew,

And left us strong to bear.

The daylight came ; we sighted land ;

The captain bared his head :

“ I said we would win through, my men ;”

And then he fell back dead.

We gained the land right speedily ;

It was an island fair ;

But 'twas a sad ship's company

Came off, and left him there.

SARAH WILLIAMS (SADIE).

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### ON THE PICTURE OF A CHILD TIRED OF PLAY.

Tired of play ! Tired of play !

What hast thou done this livelong day ?

The birds are silent, and so is the bee,

The sun is creeping up steeple and tree ;

The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,

And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves,

Twilight gathers, and day is done—

How hast thou spent it—restless one ?

Playing ? But what hast thou done beside,  
To tell thy mother at eventide ?  
What promise of morn is left unbroken ?  
What kind word to thy playmate spoken ?  
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven ?  
How with thy faults has duty striven ?  
What hast thou learned by field and hill,  
By greenwood path, and by singing rill ?

There will come an end to a longer day,  
That will find thee tired, but not of play ;  
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,  
With drooping limbs and aching brow,  
And wish the shadows would faster creep,  
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Well were it then, if thine aching brow  
Were as free from sin and shame as now !  
Well for thee if thy lip could tell  
A tale like this, of a day spent well.  
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—  
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—  
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,  
And humbled thy heart with penitence ;  
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee  
With her holy meanings eloquently ;  
If every creature hath won thy love,  
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove ;  
If never a sad low spoken word  
Hath pled with thy human heart unheard ;

Then, when the night steals on, as now,  
It will bring relief to thine aching brow ;  
And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,  
Thou wilt sleep as on thy mother's breast.

WILLIS.

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### MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained,  
It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown.  
His sceptre shows the face of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute of God Himself.  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.

SHAKESPEARE.

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## HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

BUT Linden saw another sight,  
When the drum beat at dead of night,  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neighed,  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven,  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven ;  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

BUT redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow,  
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn,—but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.



The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory or the grave !  
Wave, Munich ! all thy banners wave !  
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet.  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

CAMPBELL.

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#### ROY'S PLAINT.

It is so cold in all the world, with mother lying dead ;  
I only want to go to sleep, but we must rouse, they said.  
I wonder why they harass us, and will not let us lie ;  
The door is wide, and we will hide, my little Fan and I.

Yes, just a dog, and nothing more ; but I have naught  
beside,  
And mother's hand was laid on her the moment that she  
died ;  
And they loved one another so—where's mother, little  
Fan ?  
Ay, raise your head and whine, my dog, and call her if  
you can.

So patiently she bears with me the gnawing hunger-pain,  
The bitter cold, and choking fog, and heavy blinding rain ;

I wish the stars would shine out once, before another day,—  
There are no stars, so father said, in Heaven far away.

Cling closer, closer, little Fan, and let me feel you near ;  
I cannot see nor hear you now—I'm growing stupid, dear ;  
And yet just now there seemed to come an awful flash of  
light :

I wish you had gone first, my dog !—my little Fan, Good-  
night !

SARAH WILLIAMS (SADIE).

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### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

CAROL, carol, Christians,  
Carol joyfully !  
Carol for the coming  
Of Christ's nativity.  
And pray a glad some Christmas  
For all good Christian men.  
Carol, carol, Christians,  
For Christmas come again !  
Carol, carol.

Go ye to the forest,  
Where the myrtles grow,  
Where the pine and laurel  
Bend beneath the snow.  
Gather them for Jesus,  
Wreathe them for His shrine ;

Make His temple glorious  
With the box and pine.  
Carol, carol.

Wreathe your Christmas garland,  
Where to Christ we pray  
It shall smell like Carmel  
On our festal day.  
Libanus and Sharon  
Shall not greener be,  
Than our holy chancel  
On Christ's nativity.  
Carol, carol.

Carol, carol, Christians !  
Like the Magi now  
Ye must lade your caskets  
With a grateful vow :  
Ye must have sweet incense,  
Myrrh and finest gold,  
At our Christmas altar  
Humbly to unfold.  
Carol, carol.

Blow, blow up the trumpet,  
For our solemn feast ;  
Gird thine armour, Christian,  
Wear thy surplice, priest ;  
Go ye to the altar,  
Pray, with fervour, pray  
For Jesus' second coming,  
And the Latter Day.  
Carol, carol.

Grant us grace, O Saviour,  
To put off in might,  
Deeds and dreams of darkness  
For the robes of light.  
And to live as lowly  
As Thyself with men;  
So to rise in glory  
When Thou com'st again.  
Carol, carol.

A. C. Cox.

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### PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life where sin shall be no more.  
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing—  
“Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;”  
And through the dark, its echoes gently ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus! &c.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus! &c.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day will dawn, the darksome night must pass ;  
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus ! &c.

Angels ! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,  
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,  
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.  
Angels of Jesus ! &c.

FABER.

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### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

'Tis at Christmas time, when frost is out,  
And the year is very old,  
And icicles and snow-drifts make  
This cold world seem more cold—  
At Christmas time, that He was born,  
Who came that He might bring  
All them that love Him to the land  
Of everlasting spring.

'Tis at Christmas time, when holly shines  
With green and prickly leaves,  
And on its boughs a coronet  
Of scarlet berries weaves—

At Christmas time we keep his feast,  
Who wore the robe of red,  
Whereby the martyr's blessed crown  
Alone is purchaséd.

'Tis at Christmas time, when all things seem  
So very pure and bright,  
And fields are sparkling with the frost,  
And earth is spotless white—  
At Christmas time his day comes round  
Who purity put on,  
As fields and trees their robe of snow—  
The Apostle—sweet St. John.

And at Christmas time is our own bright day,  
When all those children dear  
Who died for Christ went up on high,  
To begin a happier year.  
Blest Innocents ! like the flowers that now  
In the grave so long have lain,  
But surely, soon as April comes,  
Shall wake and bloom again.

*From "ORIGINAL HYMNS AND SEQUENCES."*

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### WANDERING WILLIE.

WILLIE went out one morning  
The rising sun to see;  
He heard a rivulet laughing,  
"I follow you home," said he.

The river had run for a thousand years,  
Willie had lived for three.

Down by the singing river  
The rushes made their bed ;  
“ I am the king of the castle,”  
Said Will, with haughty head ;  
He shouldered a reed for a musket,  
And went with martial tread.

Old Mother Sheep was feeding :  
“ What brings that boy this way ? ”  
Slowly she followed Willie,  
And Willie edged away ;  
One of the two was in earnest,  
Neither enjoyed the play.

“ This is the giant,” said Willie,  
“ And I am the valiant knight ;  
If only he would not come quite so close,  
I think I should like to fight.”  
But the sheep came closer and closer yet,  
And Willie grew white with fright.

Over the hedge went Willie,  
And into the ditch fell he,  
But the ground was dry, and nothing was hurt,  
Only one dimpled knee.  
“ This is the mortal combat,  
And I am the slain,” said he.

"Carry me home, ye maidens,"  
As nurse with a frown appears ;  
"I am a weary pilgrim,  
Lost for a hundred years."  
"Minutes," said nurse, serenely—  
She may have had private fears.  
"Did you not miss me ?" said Willie ;  
The hero dissolved in tears.  
SARAH WILLIAMS (SADIE).

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## THE DEFORMED CHILD.

WHEN Summer days are long and warm, they set my  
little chair  
Without the door, and in the sun they leave me sitting  
there ;  
Then many thoughts come to my mind, that others never  
know,  
About myself, and what I feel, and what was long ago.

There are no less than six of us, and all of them are tall  
And stout as any you may see, but I was always small :  
The neighbours look at me and say, I grow not with the  
rest ;  
Then Father strokes my head and says, The least are  
sometimes best.

But hearing I was not like them, within my head one  
day  
It came (strange thoughts that children have !) that I'd  
been changed away !



And then I cried—but soon the thought brought comfort  
to my mind,

If I were not their own, I knew they could not be so  
kind.

For we are happy in our home as ever people were,  
Yet sometimes Father looks as if his heart was full of  
care :

When things go wrong about the house, then Mother  
vexed will be ;

But neither of them ever spoke a cross word unto me.

And once, when all was dark, they came to kiss me in  
my bed,

And though they thought I slept quite sound, I heard  
each word they said.

“Poor little thing! to make thee well, we’d freely give  
our all ;

But God knows best!” and on my cheek I felt a warm  
tear fall.

And then I longed to sit upright, and tell them not to  
fret,

For that my pains were not so bad, I should be stronger  
yet ;

But as the words came to my lips, they seemed to die  
away,

And then they drew the curtain close, and left me as I  
lay.

And so I did not speak at all, and yet my heart was full,  
And now, when I am sick and ill, for fear it makes them  
dull

To see my face so pale and worn, I creep to Father's side,  
And press it close against his own, and try the pain to  
hide.

Then upon pleasant Sundays in the long warm evening  
hours,

Will Father take me in his arms among the fields and  
flowers ;

And he'll be just as pleased himself to see the joy I'm in,  
And Mother smiles and says she thinks I look not quite  
so thin.

But it is best within the house when nights are long and  
dark,

And two of brothers run from school, and two come in  
from work ;

And they are all so kind to me, the first word they will  
say

To Mother at the door will be, "Has Bess been well  
to-day?"

And though I love them all so well, *one* may be loved the  
best,

And brother John, I scarce know why, seems dearer than  
the rest ;

But tired and cross as I may feel, when he comes in at  
night

And takes me on his knee and chats—then everything is  
right !

When once, I know, about some work he went quite far  
away,  
Oh ! how I wished him back again, and counted every  
day ;  
And when, the first of all, I heard his foot upon the  
stair,  
Just for that once I longed to run and leave my little  
chair !

Then when I look at other girls they never seem to be  
So pretty as our Hannah is, or half so neat as she ;  
But she will soon be leaving us, to settle far away  
With one she loves, and who has loved her well this  
many a day.

I sometimes think because I have few pleasures, and no  
cares,  
Wherewith to please or vex myself, they like to tell me  
theirs ;  
For sister talks to me for hours, and tells me much that  
she  
Would never breathe unto a soul unless it were to me.

One night, when we were quite alone, she gave the fire a  
stir,  
And shut the door, and showed the ring that William  
bought for her,  
And told me all about her house, and often she has said,  
That I shall come to live with them, when she and  
William wed.

But that I think will scarcely be, for when our Hannah goes,  
What we shall do for want of her, not one among us knows ;  
And though there is not much in me, the place she leaves to fill ;  
Yet *something* may be always done, where there is but the will.

Then the kind doctor says, and he is very seldom wrong,  
That I some day, when no one thinks, may grow both stout and strong ;  
And should I be, through all my life, a care unto my friends ;  
Yet Father says, there are *worse* cares than God Almighty sends !

And I will think of this, and then I never can feel dull,  
But pray to God to make me good, and kind, and dutiful ;  
And when I think on Him that died, it makes my heart grow light,  
To know that feeble things on earth are precious in His sight !

DORA GREENWELL.

# THE BOOK OF NATURE.

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## GEOLOGY.

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### CHAPTER I.

“There is a book who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and simple hearts.”

IF I were to ask you what is God's book, you would say the Bible. But God has given us another book to teach us about Him. It is the one mentioned in the verse at the top of the chapter. It is called the Book of Nature. A little boy who is learning to read, and has to spell all long words, cannot make out a chapter in the Bible, but yet I fancy that he can partly read the Book of Nature. And now I must tell you what is meant by this book.

The first line of our verse says that it is “a book who *runs* may read.” “Dear me!” I can fancy I hear a little girl saying, “I should not like to run while I read. I should be sure to fall down, and I should read very badly too.” Not if you were reading the Book of Nature.

If you live in the country cannot you see trees, and grass, and flowers as you *run* to school? They are all leaves in the Book of Nature, and when you look at them, you are reading that book. Perhaps you live in a town. Well, you see stones and mud when you *run* along the streets. They are more leaves in the Book

of Nature. If I were to say to you, "How came those leaves to be green? Why is that mud in the street?" you would reply, "Oh! trees do have green leaves, it's their nature, and streets often are muddy in a town, it's natural." By nature, then, we mean all the things which God has made. And when we look at them we remember a verse which tells us the Lord God made—

"All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful."

And reading the Book of Nature means learning about God's works. One of the most wonderful things in nature is that you cannot destroy anything in the world. You can change it, but you cannot do away with it. I daresay you think that this must be a mistake, for you have broken and spoiled a great many things in your life. That may be true, but you have never done away with anything, you have only changed its shape or form. Suppose you put a piece of sugar into your tea; it dissolves, you can no longer feel it, only taste it. Yet you know by the sweetness that the sugar is still there, but you have changed its form. Take a bit of paper and burn it. "Surely," you think, "I have made an end of that!" No, the paper will turn into ashes and smoke, and if you could weigh them, you would find that they were at least as heavy as the paper.\*

\* Nothing can be destroyed or created by man. If the ashes, smoke, &c., evolved in burning, could be weighed (they have been), the amount would be the same. There is a slight complication here hardly worth attending to for children, viz., that combustion is really mainly the absorption of oxygen. Burning bodies take oxygen from the air, and *so far* are a little heavier, but the air loses about as much as the burnt body gains.

Well, now you have read one bit of the Book of Nature, and try to remember it. You have learned that God created everything, and that man cannot destroy what God has created. In your story-books and school-books there are many chapters about different things. And so in God's Book of Nature there are many different subjects about which we can learn. These subjects are called sciences. Science means knowledge. There is the science of botany, which teaches us about plants. Another science teaches us about the stars; another describes animals. But we will not talk of any of these sciences now, but of a science which tells us about the earth. Not the *outside* of the earth,—Geography teaches us about that; but of the *inside* of the world we will speak to-day. The science which describes the inside of the earth is called Geology.

I daresay now, that some of you are thinking "This is a very dull chapter." Well, the word Geology does sound tiresome, so we will change it, and instead of the science of Geology we will call it the science of earth and stones. You all know that if you dig in your garden you will dig up earth. But there are different kinds of earth. There is clay earth, and chalk earth, and gravel earth. We shall have something to say presently about each of these. But I want you to leave them for a few minutes, and to remember another thing I am going to tell you.

"The world is always changing." That seems quite as strange as the fact that you cannot destroy anything. You do not think that the world changes, perhaps you wish that it would change, it would be more amusing. You come the same road to school every day, and see the

same trees and hedges: they don't change, you wish they would. But the world does change, and the things upon it and in it also, although so slowly that you do not find it out. You grow a little bit taller every day, but you do not discover it until your last suit gets uncommonly short and tight. But what makes the world change? Well, the chief cause is water. If there is a restless thing in the world, it is water. It won't be quiet itself, and it won't let anything else alone either. It is always fidgeting, always moving.

You have all seen a river, and know that it is a stream of water, wide generally where it breaks into the sea, but narrow where it rises. Let us look at a river at its source. First of all we find a tiny spring, generally amongst mountains. The spring jumps out of the ground like a Jack-in-the-Box, and trickles off merrily to meet other little streams, and then more and more, until at last they form a big stream. Whenever there is a shower of rain the stream grows larger, and at last it gets so big that we call it a river.

If it is clear enough, let us look down to the bottom. We shall see many stones and pebbles. Now every day the force of the water rushing over these stones moves them a little, so when the river gets to the sea it carries with it quantities of stones and mud, which make a sort of beach at the river's mouth. Of course all this mud in time makes land. Water cannot *destroy* the earth, it can only change it. Even little rain-drops do the same work. Whenever it rains the rain-drops wash off little tiny bits of mountains and hills. These little bits fall into the rivers.



You remember that we said that rivers generally rise among mountains. Well, the rivers suck up these bits of soil gladly, and say, "Come along, the more the merrier; you will all help to make land." Look at the map of Europe. Find Holland. Holland is nearly all made of mud which the great river Rhine swept along. Now turn to America. Find the big Mississippi. That river is said to throw daily enough mud into the Gulf of Mexico to make a hill sixty feet high and half-a-mile round. The great city of New Orleans is built on the mud which came from the river Mississippi.

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## CHAPTER II.

You read in the last chapter how water gradually wears away the mountains and rocks, and makes the earth flatter. But now I am going to try and tell you some of the reasons why the earth is not getting as flat as a pancake. You know that water has one great enemy, and that is fire. Water and fire never could agree. If water wants to flatten the world, we can easily guess that fire will try to raise it. Perhaps this puzzles you. You have often seen streams of water rushing along, but you have never seen a stream of fire. Where is the fire then? In the middle of the earth. If you go down into a mine you will find it very hot there; and the deeper you go the hotter it will be. So it is thought that lower down still the earth is all in a melted state. You have read of volcanic eruptions, how mountains

have opened at the top, and spit out fire and flame, and a hot burning stuff called lava, which is in appearance very like melted sealing-wax.

Now when burning mountains spit out lava in this way, it runs along the ground, sometimes for miles, covering everything. Houses and churches, buildings of all sorts, people and animals, have sometimes been buried many feet deep in lava. It is the heat of the earth which causes these volcanic eruptions. The hot melted stuff in the middle of the earth sometimes forces its way out, just as you see steam force its way out of a saucepan by lifting up the lid. You have read of earthquakes also. How the heat of the earth sometimes causes a big crack in the surface, and how the ground opens and swallows up buildings and people, and then opens again and throws them out. Just where it took them in? No, probably on higher ground. Both earthquakes and volcanic eruptions generally raise the ground. Perhaps you think that earthquakes and volcanic eruptions happen very seldom. But that is a mistake. In some parts of the world hardly a week passes without an earthquake shock. You have seen in very hot summers, when there has been little rain, that the ground looks parched and dry, and often you can see cracks in it. You say that these cracks are caused by the heat of the weather; and so it is not surprising to find that the great heat in the centre of the earth must sometimes cause cracks in the surface. These curious cracks are attended by earthquakes. Earthquakes are sometimes very slight, and do no mischief at all. In countries where they are common, the people do not

think much more about them than we do of thunderstorms. Sometimes lightning kills people and animals, and does great mischief; but accidents of this kind are comparatively rare, and we never make ourselves unhappy by anticipating *dangerous* thunderstorms. In like manner people who live in countries where earthquakes are frequent know that probably they will do no harm, and so do not trouble their heads much about them. Occasionally, however, terrible loss of life is caused by earthquakes. Whole cities have been destroyed; but the remembrance of such casualties seems to pass away with surprising quickness, and people are soon building cities and villages again upon the ruins of the old ones.

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### CHAPTER III.

AND now for a chapter about clay, marble, chalk, sand, gravel, and coal. We will begin with *clay*. You know what clay is like. A sort of yellow soil. And what is it used for? To make bricks. Can we put it to any other use, or do we see it in any other form? Yes; you know that earthenware is made of clay. Fuller's earth is a kind of clay. But we find clay in other forms. Your slate-pencil was once clay. The lava which volcanoes pour out is a kind of clay. That beautiful red stone, called a carbuncle, which you see set in rings and brooches in the jeweller's window, is a kind of clay. You would not have fancied that slate or precious stones could ever have been clay. We have here another

example of what you read in the first chapter, that everything in the world changes, and that nothing is destroyed. Slate is only clay that has been squeezed very much indeed. If you break your slate-pencil, it can be ground back into clay, but *you* could never press clay hard enough to turn it into slate.

Clay, when mixed with water, can be made into a kind of paste. This paste can be moulded into jugs and basins, or bricks, or anything else we like. But bricks, or earthenware articles, must be hardened by baking, before they can be used. Now there are many stones that can be ground up into powder and mixed with water to form a paste. But only clay will stand baking. Jugs, basins, or bricks, made of other kinds of paste, would melt with the heat of the fire, if they were put into it to be baked, but clay does not melt. There is a great deal of water in clay. So if a farmer has a clay soil, and does not drain the water off properly, his crops will not grow well. Nor are houses wholesome which are built upon a clay soil, unless the land is very well drained.

*Marble* is a very beautiful stone, which is capable of receiving a high polish. It is much used for all kinds of ornamental work inside buildings, but it will not bear exposure to weather well.

*Chalk* is a very soft limestone, too soft for building purposes, though in some countries it is used in the interior of churches, &c.\*

*Sand* is composed of tiny bits of rocks which have been worn away. In some beds of rivers there are golden

\* There is an Elizabethan house in Surrey, in which the chimney-pieces, &c., are made of chalk.

sands, or little grains of gold mixed with the remains of pebbles. You remember the lines in the Missionary hymn—

“Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their *golden sand*.”

There are some golden sands in the river Rhine, and in the Tagus; and in smaller rivers they are not uncommon, though hardly worth picking up, because of the time and labour which would be required to collect even a sovereign’s worth.

*Gravel* consists of a mixture of sand and small pebbles. As water quickly sinks through gravel, and it therefore requires little draining, a gravel soil is the most healthy, because it is the driest.

*Coal* is made of trees and vegetables which have decayed centuries ago. When we put a lump of shining black coal on our fire, we are probably burning what was once part of a great forest tree. And if it is surprising to hear that carbuncles, and some other precious stones, are in fact only clay, which has undergone certain changes, it is still more wonderful to learn that the diamond, the most beautiful and costly of jewels, is in fact only a kind of coal. And here our chapter about the science of Geology must end, for we have not space enough in this little “Reader” to be able to devote more to it.

## THE THERMOMETER.

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You are going to read about an instrument which has been invented to tell us the exact heat or cold of the weather, or rather of the air. Perhaps you think that this is not needed. You can *feel* when it is a hot day or when it is a cold one ; but no two people would be found *exactly* to agree as to the state of the weather. A man in a fever is burning hot on the coldest winter day. An old woman who cannot walk fast feels chilly and cold if she goes out on a warm spring morning. The boy who runs fast, and is therefore hot, cannot believe that the little girl who dawdles slowly along, staring in at the shop windows, is cold. It would be almost as inconvenient to have no instrument for measuring heat as it would be to have no instrument for measuring time. None of you would deny the use of clocks and watches. You all know how differently time *seems* to go. A half-holiday in the fields goes rather too fast, but if you spent it at home, suffering from a fit of toothache, you would think the hours long enough.

It would be very inconvenient if a doctor called in to see a sick person were to say, "Take the physic in a little while," instead of saying, "Take it at such an hour." One neighbour would say, "Oh, a little while ! I should think he meant ten minutes." Another would exclaim, "Oh, dear no ! I would not touch it for at least

two hours." And the invalid perhaps would have a third opinion. Well, I am quite sure that if the doctor said, "Keep the room warm," each neighbour would have a different idea of what he meant. One would be for piling on coals and wood enough to make a fire which would well-nigh suffocate the sick person. Another would say, "You can't be cold on a bright day like this; you had better put the fire out." Now do not you see how convenient an exact measurer of heat is? It is easier to tell the degree of heat by a thermometer than it is to tell the time by a clock. The doctor, if the sick person had a thermometer in his room, could say, "Keep the heat up to 60," and he would be quite as well understood about the required heat as if when speaking of time he had said, "Take the physic in half-an-hour." There is one phrase in the next chapter which I should like to explain to you if I can—"A law of nature." You know what a law means. You know that it is a command given by some one who has a right to give it. The rules of your school are the laws of the school. The laws of nature are given by God. It is natural, or a law of nature, that trees should put out their leaves in spring. It is natural, or a law of nature, that mothers should love their children. If we see a tree in spring with no leaves, we say, "How unnatural! What is the matter with it?" If we hear of a mother who is cruel to her children, we exclaim, "What an unnatural woman!" We cannot generally explain the laws of nature. We can understand some of them, but not all.

## HEAT AND THE THERMOMETER.

The thermometer is an instrument for measuring heat. It is usually made of a glass tube partly filled with quicksilver. When this glass is heated, the quicksilver swells, and rises in the tube ; when it gets colder the quicksilver shrinks, and falls in the tube. The tube is marked with figures, which show how much the quicksilver rises or falls, and from these we judge of the increase or decrease of heat. On the English thermometer the *freezing-point* is marked 32, and the *boiling-point* 212.

If you take a common thermometer, and dip it into half-melted snow, the quicksilver will sink to 32. If you dip it into a kettle of boiling-water (only you must warm it gently first, or it will break), the quicksilver will rise to 212. It does not much matter what numbers are used, and, in fact, the French thermometers are marked in a different way, and the Russian ones in another ; but, for reasons which need not be given here, the English plan is the best.

The quicksilver rises in the tube because it swells when it grows hotter ; but why does it swell ? That is a question which no one can answer ; and all that can be said is, that it is a law of nature that things should swell as they grow hotter. A red-hot poker is larger than a cold one ; even when warmed a little it becomes slightly larger. And, in fact, everything in the world may be said to obey this law. It is not very easy to show this, because things swell so little. And if you were to take a bar of iron, exactly one foot long, warm it before a fire,



and measure it with a carpenter's rule, you would not be able to detect any difference in its length, because the difference would be very small indeed. But still it would be longer, and this increase of length is observed in many ways. Most of you have seen the iron rails on a railway: they are each about five-and-twenty feet long, and are laid down one after another, in a regular line; but if these rails were laid down in winter, and the end of one quite touched the end of the next, they would stretch when the hot weather came, and push each other out of place, so that the whole line would be broken up. They are therefore laid down at a very small distance, perhaps half a quarter of an inch apart, as you may see for yourselves if you look closely. If they are laid in very hot weather, they may be let to touch each other, for any change in the weather will only make them shrink and separate the ends. You know that a clock is regulated by altering its pendulum. Now pendulums, like everything else, get shorter in cold weather; and clocks are for this reason (and also for another which we need not trouble ourselves with now) apt to go quicker in winter and slower in summer. Another instance may be less familiar to you, but it is a very common one nevertheless. Bullets for guns and pistols are made by pouring melted lead into an iron mould, of the same shape and size as the bullet is meant to be. When several bullets have been made, this mould naturally grows hot; as it grows hot it swells, and the bullets, of course, come out larger. They are not *much* larger, it is true, and it would hardly be possible to observe the difference by measuring, but they would be found

to be too large to go down the barrel of the gun or pistol, for which reason bullets should never be made when the mould is hot.

From what has been said it may be remarked that almost anything will do to measure heat, since everything grows bigger when heated. In one sense this is true, but in practice it would hardly do, for most things swell so slightly as not to be easily measured, besides which it must be remembered that the rule with which they are measured may have swelled too, and any increase of length would not be observed. Now, quicksilver is found to swell so much more than most things that it answers best for thermometers; but you must not run away with the idea that there is any special virtue in quicksilver for showing heat. Some thermometers are made with spirits, which, though not quite as accurate as quicksilver, answer better for extremely cold weather.

You may not have opportunities of remarking the iron rails on railways, or pendulums of clocks, or the moulding of bullets, so I will mention one other instance of heat causing things to swell which I think must be familiar to all of you. You must have noticed that in cold, damp weather, doors, windows, or chests of drawers, swell, and are apt to stick, so that it is hard to open or shut them, and that in hot sunny weather they shrink, and are moved quite easily. Now, here you may think there is a contradiction of the law that things grow bigger as they grow hotter, for the wood in these doors, windows, &c., certainly grows smaller as it grows hotter. But this only shows how careful we should be to observe things accurately before we form a positive opinion about

them. The explanation is that in the cold weather the wood was damp, or, in other words, had a little water in it, and that as the weather grew hotter it also grew drier, or, in other words, the water was drawn out, so that it was the damp, not the cold, that made the wood swell, and the dryness, not the heat, that made it shrink.\* This was an *apparent*, not a *real*, contradiction of the law of nature about heat ; but there is one very remarkable contradiction of this law which it is worth while to understand, and which with a little trouble you can understand. In winter, when the water in a pond gets colder, you know that it turns into ice, but by the law just given it ought to shrink at the same time. If it shrank it would, for its size, get heavier, if it got heavier it would sink to the bottom. Now, this is not the case. You know, or you may know if you care to try, that when you throw a bit of ice into a basin of water, it will float on the top. And without trying this, you must have seen that when a pond freezes the ice is at the top and not at the bottom of it. It may not seem to matter much whether a pond should begin to freeze at the bottom or at the top, but if you consider the consequences you will see that it matters a great deal. If the ice got formed at the bottom the sun could not get at it to melt it on account of the water between. More and more ice would collect till the pond was frozen quite up to the top. Then the sun would melt a few inches of it, and those few inches would be all the water we should have. Indeed, it is doubtful whether even this would not freeze every night on account of the

\* The expansion of antimony forms a second exception, but its effects are hardly worth considering here.

cold ice below. Our pumps would be of no use at all, for the wells would have frozen, excepting these few inches at the top. We should have to dig up our water with pick-axes, as if it was so much rock. What little we did get would cost as much as wine does now, on account of the difficulty of getting it. And, in fact, we might almost be said to be without water at all.

Now let us go one step further, and consider how we should get on without water. We could not wash of course, we must give up all hopes of that; but we should have nothing to drink. It is not only that we should be without water, but tea, coffee, beer, wine, and even spirits are made from water. We could not drink milk, for unless the cows had water they would die. Indeed, it is hard to see what we could eat either. Not bread, certainly, for no corn would grow if the ground were frozen up; not vegetables, for the same reason, and we could not boil them if we had them; not meat, certainly, for all the animals would die without water. In short, we have come to this, that if our ponds began to freeze at the bottom instead of at the top, we should all of us, as far as we can see, starve to death. How is it that it is not so? Simply because water disobeys that law of always shrinking as it gets colder. It obeys it up to a certain point; but just before it turns into ice it breaks the rule, it becomes bigger instead of smaller, this makes it—for its size—lighter. This causes it to float to the top, and all the consequences which would have followed from its sinking to the bottom, and which we have just described, are prevented.

## ASTRONOMY.

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THE word Astronomy comes from Astro, a word meaning a star; and Astronomy is the science which teaches us about the stars. An astronomer is a man who is learned in this science.

### THE EARTH.

The world we live on, which in Astronomy is always called *the Earth*, is like a large round ball. It may not seem so at first, for it is so very large that you cannot see its roundness for yourselves, and it looks as if it were almost flat. Indeed, it is not exactly round, but a little flattened; but it is much more nearly round than an orange, say as round as a well-made cricket-ball.

Although neither its shape or size can be observed very easily, both have been decided in various ways, which need not be explained here, and some of which you have read in the Third Standard. It will be enough that you should remember that it is a round ball, about 8,000 miles thick, and therefore about 25,000 miles round; for you may as well know, once for all, that the girth of any round thing measures rather more than three times its breadth.

The Earth is always spinning round, making one complete turn in twenty-four hours, so that first one side and

then the other is turned towards the sun. It is this that causes the change from day to night, and back again; for when we talk of "the sun rising" or "the sun setting" we only mean that the Earth is turning to or from the sun. If, instead of spinning round, it stood still, the side next the sun would have constant day, and the side away from the sun constant night. Remember that the word "day" in Astronomy always means twenty-four hours, and not twelve, as in common reckoning.

But, besides this spinning motion, the Earth has another. It keeps moving round the sun, all the while it goes on spinning. You will best understand the double motion by fancying a large ball to stand on the floor in the middle of the room. This is to be the sun. Now if you were to spin a top, and could contrive to make it move round and round the ball, while it still kept on spinning, you would have an example of the Earth's motions.

Our measures of *time* come only from these motions, for the time taken by the Earth to spin once round is called a *day*, and the time it takes to travel once round the sun is what we call a *year*. All our other measures of weeks, hours, minutes, &c., are derived from these two.

### THE SUN.

The *Sun*, from which our heat and light come, is, like our earth, a ball. It is, however, immensely larger, being 850,000 miles across. But this hardly gives a fair

notion of its size, and perhaps the best way to get an idea of it is to suppose the earth to be as big as a common penny ball, in which case the sun would be a globe as high as an ordinary room.

Our distance from the sun is about 90,000,000 miles, and this again is not very easily realised; but if it were possible for a railway train to go from us to the sun, it would take something like 200 years to reach it, going at 50 miles an hour, and making no stoppages.

But the important fact about the sun is not so much its size, as that it is the source of our heat and light. Very little is known about it as yet, and astronomers have not been able to decide in what way its heat is caused and sustained; and, though several explanations have been offered, none have been thoroughly received, so that we must content ourselves for the present with knowing that it is a ball of fire which burns without appearing to become larger or smaller. The only trustworthy facts that have been agreed upon about it are, that there is a good deal of *iron* in the sun's furnace, and also that the sun itself spins round, just as the earth does, making one turn in twenty-five days. Beyond this, nothing is certain; but there seems reason to hope that more information may be had before many years have passed.

### THE MOON.

The *Moon*, like the sun, gives light to the earth, but in a different way. The sun is a ball of fire, which gives out heat and light in every direction; but the moon, like the

earth, gives out no heat itself. The moon gives out light only by reflecting the sun's light on us.

The moon seems sometimes round, like the sun, when it is called the "full moon;" sometimes half-round; sometimes quarter-round; and, at times, cannot be seen at all. You must have noticed these changes for yourselves; and you may have observed, too, that the moon takes about twenty-eight days to go through them all—say from one full moon to another. With a little attention, you will be able to understand the reason, which is as follows:—

The moon turns round the earth, just as the earth turns round the sun, taking twenty-eight days for one journey. When it is between us and the sun, we cannot see it, for it has no light of its own to shine by, but only shines by that of the sun. The sunlight is there, but it is shining on the back, so that we cannot see it. As the moon goes on turning round the earth, we begin to see a little sunlight on one side, at which time it looks like a thin horn, and is what we call the "new moon."

It goes on showing more and more sunlight, as it turns more and more round the earth, till at last it has got opposite the sun, when it reflects back the whole light, and is what we call "full moon." This takes fourteen days; after which it keeps getting nearer again, reflects less light, and seems smaller and smaller to us; until, in fourteen days more, it is again in a line with the sun, and disappears altogether.

Besides its movement round the earth, the moon has also a spinning motion, turning once in twenty-eight days, the same time that it takes to turn round the earth;



and, therefore, the same side is always turned to the earth. The moon is round, or nearly so ; like the earth. Though it looks as large as the sun, it is only about 2,000 miles thick, or a quarter as thick as the earth. It is, however, very much nearer to us than the sun, being only about 240,000 miles off, or, to put the thing in another way, a fast train, which, as we have said, would take 200 years to go from us to the sun, would get to the moon in little more than six months.

You must also understand that the earth reflects the sunlight on the moon just as the moon reflects it on us, so that if there are people in the moon they must find the earth as useful to them as the moon is to us ; indeed, more so, as the earth is so much larger.

### THE PLANETS.

If you have quite understood the movements of the earth and the moon, you will be ready to go on to those of the stars which are of exactly the same sort.

In the first place, you must understand that out of the hundreds of stars to be seen on a winter's night, there are seven which are quite different to all the others. You have already seen that the important distinction between the sun, and the earth or the moon, is not so much that it is immensely larger as that it gives out heat and light of itself, while they only receive and reflect that which the sun sends out, and have neither heat nor light of their own.

Now the stars are in general like the sun, and may indeed be called suns in their way ; for they look so

small only because they are so very far off. But we shall come to them by-and-by, and at present we are only concerned with seven out of all the number.

There are seven stars, then, that are not suns, have no light or heat of their own, shine only by reflecting the sunlight as the moon does, and, moreover, are very much nearer to us than the other stars. These stars are called the *Planets*. Like our globe, the earth, they are round or roundish; and, like it, move round the sun at greater or less distances, derive their heat and light from the sun, and, together with the earth and moon, form what is called the *solar system*.\*

The principal planets are called *Mercury, Venus, the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune*. In addition, there are many very small ones, called *asteroids*, lying between Mars and Jupiter. Astronomers have discovered ninety-one of them, and there are probably more. They vary in size, but are all so extremely small that the ninety-one of them, put together, would not be as big as the moon. It has been suspected that there is another planet still nearer the sun than Mercury, but its existence is uncertain. Also, for anything we know, there may be still more planets outside Neptune; but there is no means of knowing, or, indeed, any special reason for suspecting it.

These planets, with their attendant moons, and also with the asteroids, keep moving round the sun as a centre; while each, at the same time, spins round, and produces the change from day to night and night to day. You will get the best notion of their relative size by supposing the sun to be represented, as before, by a globe as high as a small

\* See Appendix.

room; in which case, Mercury would answer to a good large marble; Venus, to a small penny ball; the Earth, to another ball, much the same size; Mars, to a very large marble; Jupiter, to a big foot-ball; and Saturn, to a little one; Uranus, to a cricket-ball; and Neptune, to another cricket-ball, a shade larger. Their distances from the sun are most easily understood by calculating the time it would take a fast train to go to them from the sun. Starting from the sun, and going 50 miles an hour, without stopping, a train would take 76 years to get to Mercury; 144, to Venus; 200—as has been said before—to the Earth; 800, to Mars; 1,000, to Jupiter; 1,900, to Saturn; 3,800, to Uranus; and 6,000 years to reach Neptune.

#### FIXED STARS.

After all that has been said in the other chapters, you will now have learned about seven only out of all the stars in the sky; or rather about nine, counting the sun and the earth as stars, which we should do. But if you have quite understood the motions of these nine stars, your work is more than half done, for the remaining stars, so far as is known, obey the same laws.

We are careful to say *so far as is known*, for one of the great facts to know about them is, that we know very little indeed, on account of their immense distance. They are commonly called the *Fixed Stars*, as distinguished from the *Planets*, because they appear fixed in the sky, and keep the same apparent distance apart. Not that they are really fixed, for there is every reason to believe that they

all move, but on account of their distance the motion can hardly be observed.

Till of late years their distance was thought to be immeasurable, and even now astronomers have found out only five or six of the nearest, and that only in an imperfect kind of way. But it seems pretty clear that the nearest must be more than 19,000,000,000,000 (nineteen billion) miles away.

This number is easy enough to write or to read, but not to realise; and, indeed, we can hardly help you to understand how very great it is. Our instance of the railway train would be of no use, for such a train as has been mentioned would want more than 40,000,000 (forty million) years to reach the nearest fixed star. And it is not much easier to realise forty millions than nineteen billions. You may, however, get a notion of the latter number in this way. Take ten small stones. Put one down on the ground, and call it the sun, put another a yard off for the earth. Now, if the earth's distance from the sun be shown by one yard—and remember that it is really so far off that a train would take 200 years to do the journey—the other planets must be as follows, to be at the proper scale:—Mercury's stone a foot from the *middle one*; Venus's two feet; Mars's a yard and a half; Jupiter's five yards; Saturn's nine; Uranus's nineteen; Neptune's thirty. You have now put down nine out of your ten stones, for the sun and the eight planets. The tenth is for the nearest\* fixed star. Where is that to be? If you would keep the same scale, you must put that down 120 miles off. But this is the *nearest*. The next

\* Alph. Centauri.

is twice as far ; the next six times as far ; and after that our power of measuring fails us altogether.

Far beyond this system of fixed stars, lie others, which can only be seen through a telescope, as small white clouds. These also are systems of stars, for anything we know, as large as the immense body already described.\* Whether the stars extend for ever and ever into space, or whether there is an end of space where *nothing* is, we cannot say. Each state is inconceivable ; yet one of them must exist.

\* We have not meddled with the nebular hypothesis. Its truth is very doubtful, and the question raised here is independent of it.

## APPENDIX

### TO THE SECTION ON ASTRONOMY.

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THE planet nearest the sun is *Mercury*, a small star about 8,000 miles in thickness, that is to say, less than half as thick as the earth. Mercury is about 85,000,000 miles from the sun, less than half our distance. Mercury spins round once in twenty-four hours, and moves round the sun in eighty-eight days. Its day, therefore, is of the same length as ours, and its year about a quarter as long.

Mercury can seldom be seen without a telescope, and not easily with one, for it is so near the sun as generally to be lost in its light.

*Venus* is very nearly, but not quite, as large as the earth, being about 7,700 miles thick. It is about three-quarters of our distance from the sun, that is to say, about 66,000,000 miles. Its day is a little over twenty-three hours, and its year about seven months long. Venus may often be seen as a large bright star early in the morning and late in the evening.

The next of the planets is the *Earth*, on which we live, and which has been already described.

After the earth comes *Mars*, which is something like 4,000 miles thick, half as thick as the earth, and 140,000,000 miles from the sun. Its day is about half-an-hour longer than our own, and its year about equal to

a year and three-quarters of our year. Mars is often to be seen as a rather large reddish star.

*Jupiter*, which is the largest planet, comes next. It is about 87,000 miles thick, and 476,000,000 miles from the sun, that is to say, more than ten times the earth's thickness, and about five times the distance. Jupiter has four moons, which move round it, just as our moon moves round us. Its day is about ten hours long, and its year as long as eleven and a half of ours. Jupiter can often be seen as a very large bright star, with a clear steady light.

Outside Jupiter is *Saturn*, which is almost as large, being nine times the thickness of the earth, 74,000 miles, and nine times its distance from the sun, 870,000,000. It has no less than eight moons attending it, as well as another contrivance for lighting it up, which shall be described directly. Its day is about the length of ten hours and a half, and its year is twenty-nine years and a half long, as we measure years on the earth. Saturn looks to the eye like a middle-sized star of a yellowish colour, and you would at first see nothing remarkable in its appearance.

If, however, you were to look at it through a small telescope—one that magnifies twenty or twenty-five times would do—you would see that, instead of being round as the other stars are, it sticks out all round in the middle, and looks something like a teetotum. On looking at it through a larger telescope—one to magnify one hundred or one hundred and fifty times—you would see that there is a large ring that goes all round the planet without touching it, and which reflects the sun's light

on it, just as the moon does to the earth. One of the most curious sights that can be seen through a telescope is a good view of Saturn, when in a favourable position, with its bright ring surrounding it, and its moons moving past the outside of the ring.

Outside Saturn comes *Uranus*, which is about 34,000 miles across, or four times as much as the earth. It is 1,750,000,000 miles from the sun, or nineteen times as far as we are. *Uranus*, like Saturn, has eight moons. It is so very far from us that no one has yet been able to find the length of its day, or, in other words, how long it takes to spin round; but its year has been found to be more than eighty-four times as long as our own. On account of its great distance it cannot be seen without a telescope.

The farthest of all the planets is *Neptune*, which is 88,000 miles across, that is to say, a very little larger than *Uranus*. It is thirty times our distance from the sun—2,745,000,000 miles.

*Neptune* has only one moon, or at any rate only one has been discovered, for it is likely enough that there may be more; for the planet is so far off that very little is known about it. The length of its day is not known; but its year is a hundred and sixty-four years long. It cannot be seen without a telescope.



## ARITHMETIC.

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### TIME.

1. CHARLES is ten years old, Philip fifteen, Lucy seven. How many hours has Charles lived, how many days has Philip, and how many weeks has Lucy ?

2. If I waste an hour daily, how much time shall I have lost at the end of three years ?

3. Richard gets up every day at six o'clock, and Thomas at eight. How many hours does Richard save in a year ?

4. If I waste ten minutes out of every hour in school, and am in school five hours daily, on five days of the week, how much time shall I have lost in a month (4 weeks) ?

5. A train goes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. How long would it take to travel three hundred and fifty miles ?

6. In my class there are fifteen children, besides myself; three are aged eleven years, four ten years, and eight others seven years and six months. I am nine years old. To what do our united ages amount ?

7. How many seconds are there in one year ?

8. Mary has ten miles to walk, and she starts at twelve o'clock, and walks three miles in an hour ; when will she reach her journey's end ?

9. If a man walks for two hours every day for twenty years, how much time will he then have spent in walking ?

10. If I have an arithmetic lesson every day for half an hour, excepting Saturdays and Sundays, how many hours shall I have spent on arithmetic at the year's end ?

## AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT.

11. If I use a quarter of a pound of tea every week, how many pounds shall I require to last a year ?

12. If I waste two ounces of tea weekly, how much shall I lose in a quarter (13 weeks) ?

13. Mr. Smith bought three cwt. of raisins, four cwt. and a half of currants, twenty-seven pounds of sultanas ; how many pounds had he of raisins, currants, and sultanas added together ?

14. Divide twenty-six pounds of rice between eight people.

15. Which would cost most ? Thirty pounds of sugar at 5*d.* a pound, or one quarter, one pound, and thirty ounces at the same price ?

16. Thomas had three cwt. of rice, and John 350 pounds. How much more had John than Thomas ?

17. Divide one hundred and thirty pounds of coffee among sixteen people.

18. I bought three cheeses. One weighed seven pounds fifteen ounces, another nine pounds six ounces, the third, eleven pounds three ounces ; what was their united weight ?

19. In a shop were 1,600 candles. If they were tied

up in one-pound packets, and 4 candles weighed a pound, how many packets would there be ?

20. Mary gave up drinking sugar in her tea. She used to use at the rate of one pound of sugar monthly. How much did she save in three weeks ?

#### LONG MEASURE.

21. How many feet are there in thirty miles ?

22. John walked 140 miles in 85 days. How many miles did he walk daily ?

23. A postman usually walks at the rate of 4 miles an hour. If he is out on his rounds 6 hours, how far has he walked, deducting half an hour for delay caused by delivering the letters ?

24. If a train, going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, takes 7 hours to go from London to Holyhead, what is the distance ?

25. How many inches are there in seven miles ?

26. I have 860 miles to travel. How far must I go daily to accomplish the journey in a week, resting on Sunday ?

27. How many feet are there in 8,076,017 inches ?

28. Three horses ran a race. The course was a mile long. The first broke his leg after he had gone a third of the way. The second fell lame 8 yards from the winning-post. The third went 2 yards past the post. How many yards did each run ?

29. I walked 2 miles on Sunday, 3 on Monday, 5 on Tuesday,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  on Wednesday, 2 on Thursday,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  on

Friday, and rested on Saturday. How many yards had I walked in the week?

80. My pony can trot 8 miles an hour. How far will he go in 6 days, if he is out 3 hours daily?

#### TROY WEIGHT.

81. I bought a chain weighing one pound and three-quarters. What is its weight in ounces?

82. How many dwts. are there in 16lb.?

83. How many dwts. in 16lb. 8oz.?

84. Divide 116lb. into 6 parts.

85. What would be the united weight of two chains, the first weighing 8lb. 10oz., the second 100oz.?

86. Divide 1 cwt. into 17 equal parts.

87. Multiply 24lb. by 27, and give the answer in cwt.

#### ALE AND BEER MEASURE.

88. If I drink half-a-pint of beer every day, how many gallons shall I have drunk at the end of two years?

89. John drinks a pint of beer three times a day; how much will that be in a month?

40. If ale is 4d. a quart, and I spend 2s. 4d. a week upon it, how much ale do I buy weekly?

41. How much ale would be required for a club feast if each labourer present drank a pint-and-a-half, and there were 124 labourers?

42. How many gallons are there in 978 half-pints?

## SOLID OR CUBIC MEASURE.

- 43. How many inches are there in 3 feet ?
- 44. How many feet in 7 stacks of wood ?
- 45. How many inches in one cord of wood ?

## WINE MEASURE.

- 46. A gentleman spends £90 a year upon wine, and pays 3s. per pint ; how many gallons does he buy ?
- 47. In one tun of wine how many quarts ?
- 48. How many gills in half a hogshead ?

## CLOTH MEASURE.

- 49. How many inches in 6 yards ?
- 50. Jane bought one yard of lace, two yards and a half of ribbon, and two nails of velvet ; to how many inches did her purchases amount ?
- 51. How many inches are there in 17 yards and a nail ?

## DRY MEASURE.

- 52. How many pints are there in three bushels ?
- 53. How many quarts in one quarter ?
- 54. How many bushels in 3,000 pints ?

## LAND OR SQUARE MEASURE.

- 55. A gentleman spent £1,000 in land. The price was 8s. an acre ; how much ground did he obtain for his money ?
- 56. How many square feet are there in one square mile ?

## MISCELLANEOUS.

57. I bought 6lb. of coffee, 7lb. of rice, 9lb. of soap, 8lb. of cheese; required the weight in ounces?

58. I bought 4 bushels of oats,  $8\frac{1}{2}$  of peas; required the number of pints?

59. The ale at a dinner cost £5. The price paid was 6d. per quart. How many gallons were drunk?

60. John gave up drinking beer and saved the money. In 6 months he saved £3. He had been in the habit of giving 4d. a quart for his beer. How much had he been accustomed to drink weekly?

61. If I drink a pint of wine twice a week, how much shall I drink in a year?

62. A shopman in measuring ribbon, had a short yard measure. I bought 860 yards from him and lost a quarter of an inch in each yard; how many inches did I lose altogether?

63. How many square inches are there in fifty feet?

64. How many ounces of coffee can I buy for sixpence, if I pay at the rate of two shillings a pound?

65. A gentleman bought 112lbs. of raisins at 5d. per pound; he afterwards agreed to purchase them at the rate of 44s. per cwt.; how much did he save?

66. A lady spent £5 5s. on a silk dress, paying at the rate of seven shillings a yard, how many yards were there in the dress?

67. How many  $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. are there in 6 cwt. of currants?

## DIALOGUE ON EMIGRATION.

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MRS. JONES AND HER SON BEN.

*Ben.* Well, mother, have you been thinking any more of my plan for taking you all back with me to Australia? You see I have done very well there for six years, and I am sure you would like it when you got there.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, don't talk to me about any such thing; I always get into a shiver when you and your father begin. I think it's so unnatural of you—who were always a good boy to your mother, and fond of the little ones—to want to drag us all off to a place that is full of snakes and savages, and wild roaring beasts.

*Ben.* How come I to have lived and done well in such a place? I have never seen above five or six savages; they have almost all died out. Wild roaring beasts there are none, and the snakes are easily avoided. Why, mother, you might fancy yourself in Dorchester in most of the towns. Father cannot get work, and children have come fast, and as I have been able to save a bit towards the passage, I wish you would not set yourself so against it.

*Mrs. Jones.* How should a boy like you tell? There was poor Mrs. Smith, she used to be a great comfort to me, often stepped in to tea of a Sunday, and we each hung our clothes on week-days on the same lines. Well, they have taken her off to some place, hard to get at

seemingly, for I have never seen her, though she promised me, if she could get a lift in a tax cart, she'd step in some day. It's a place called Yorkshire she's gone to.

*Ben.* My dear mother, it is hundreds of miles away, and would take fourteen or fifteen hours to get there. Not but what I intend to run down there. I hear that at Sheffield they are making some new ploughs that suit very hard soil, and after heavy rains and a baking sun, the ground in Australia is like iron. I should like to take one back.

*Mrs. Jones.* Well! if you do go to Yorkshire, tell Mrs. Smith how I miss her; her husband heard hands were wanted down there, and *would* go. Everything goes to the bad these days. Nobody is contented with anything as it is—but here comes Dr. Williams, he will never be for risking all our lives in this way.

*Dr. Williams.* Good morning, Ben—glad to see you back again after your long absence, and I hear you have got on well.

*Ben.* First-rate, sir. I only wish you could persuade poor mother to try whether she wouldn't get on better in Australia.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, Doctor, do stand by me. You know you are never out of this house, the children are so sickly. You would not have the heart to drive them to savage countries, miles and miles off—no place to lay their heads in, pretty dears—sleeping in trees, I've heard—in a bush.

*Dr. Williams.* Well now, Mrs. Jones, looking at the health of your children, I cannot conceive anything so



good for them as to go. Here you are dreadfully crowded. One sleeping-room for so many is enough to bring the fever, that is for ever in the house ; the drains are very bad, and it is very damp.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, sir, it is their native air—they would be worse anywhere else, and they won't do to live on berries, in the woods, and shell-fish and rubbish.

*Ben.* Oh, mother, how little you know ! You may have mutton chops or legs of mutton every day in the year, if you choose.

*Dr. Williams.* What your children require is good nourishing food, such as mutton and beef, plenty of fresh air and exercise, and I believe they would grow up strong and hearty. Here they get little meat, and when not at school are in this close room.

*Mrs. Jones.* Mutton and beef indeed ! No, I can't give them that—a bit of salt pork is what comes natural to them, and is as much as I can afford. I suppose, sir, you do know about this place—I can't trust a boy like Ben.

*Dr. Williams.* I am sure you ought. But get some books and read about Australia.

*Mrs. Jones.* Unluckily I am no scholar, sir, or luckily I may say, for it was reading that put it into Ben's head to go off there in this wild way ; he'd never have wanted to stray about, if he had not read books that told him about these unaccountable places.

*Ben.* And I tell mother she would be as well again in health there. In a year or two, please God, she will be mistress of a dairy-farm. You always liked dairy work, mother, when you were a girl—as you used to tell us.

*Mrs. Jones.* That's true, Ben. But look at the price of cows—not one I should care to milk under £8 or £9. And how am I get them drove from here to Australia?—think of the keep by the way.

*Ben.* Dear mother, I can never make you understand. Cows breed there, faster than they do here, and you can buy them cheaper, and sell your butter dearer. You would like making up your fifty pound a week for Melbourne Market—but here comes father.

*Mr. Jones.* Good morning, Doctor. I have been talking to my master about this plan of emigrating—he had seen Ben yesterday, and he is all for it. He says work is slack and wages low, and my children so many, that if I could get my good wife to think of it, I have almost made up my mind.

*Mrs. Jones.* You are like all the rest of them, father—I do wonder at you—I do.

*Mr. Jones.* What do you wonder at—my wishing to see you all strong and healthy, with plenty of good food, and plenty of work for the children almost as soon as they can talk?

*Ben.* Yes, even little Tottie and Sam, whose noise so distracts your head, mother, may be sent out to scare the flights of parrots—whole lots of them, who will pick up the corn, father, which I have sowed, unless they are frightened away. And you will have a poultry yard, and pigs and rabbits, and flocks of sheep—many, many more than Farmer Willans has on his farm, and ponies for the boys, and a garden for them to see to.

*Mrs. Jones.* And what about schooling? You make

so much of that here. There can be no schools in that outlandish country.

*Ben.* That is the greatest drawback, that and no church, to living in the Bush; but there's some help there. I think I have learning enough to push on the children for the present. There will be long evenings, and we shall keep school on Sundays. There is generally a family or two within a ride or a walk, and they agree to meet on Sundays, and one to read the service and a sermon; and do you know, mother, I think they often listen more, and care more, about those matters than people here do.

*Mrs. Jones.* But there's another thing—there's my dear Susie. It will break my heart—it will indeed—to leave her here, when she will have no mother to run to, if she is in trouble or ill. Don't take me away from Susie, father. But here she comes over the hill.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, my precious Susie! they want to take me away from you, they do. Don't let them, darling.

*Susie.* Oh, mother! I came over to say I hope you won't leave me behind. I should so much like to go with you.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, I hadn't a hope you'd do that, on account of that Pat Molony, that you have gone and promised yourself to. Will he let you go?

*Susie.* Yes, he will, mother, as he sees it's best for father. He offered to marry me now, if that would make you more comfortable about me.

*Mrs. Jones.* Oh, what will you say next? Don't let me hear such wicked nonsense, as such a child as you,

hardly seventeen years old, going to get married, and meeting trouble half way. Why, you are but a baby.

*Susie.* But, mother, hear me out. He said, if you didn't like that (and I knew you would not), that I should go out with you and father, and in a year we'd see about his coming out; and I am sure he will. I told mistress, who is very kind, about it.

*Ben.* And hope by that time we shall have got round, and be thankful to have Pat and Susie settled with us. So, instead of losing Susie, mother, you will have her with you, as you never have for the last four years that she has been in service.

*Mr. Jones.* Mr. Willings, my master, is a good master as ever was; but this is how he looks at it. "Jones," says he, "you are a hard-working, sober man; but yet you've run back these last few years, chiefly because work is slack; and I don't expect any difference, now that reaping-machines and thrashing-machines do men's work."

*Mrs. Jones.* There, father, that's what I have always said. The people that ever thought of those machines, and those that make them and use them, are downright wicked thieves, taking away the bread of the innocent; and I hope they will be punished, I do—indeed I *know* they will.

*Mr. Jones.* Stop a bit, mother. Is it always wrong to use a machine instead of your hand? Do you want me to dig the ground with my fingers, instead of with a spade? I know the change falls hard upon us, for in this tight little island there is not enough work for the crowds that are in it; but, thank God! there's miles and miles of land,

belonging to our own Queen too, where there is ground enough and to spare, and where we can grow all, and more than all, we have here.

*Mrs. Jones.* Much use to belong to our Queen, when she can never see us ! Nothing goes on well without the eye of the mistress, and she has her family to look after here as I have mine ; and no doubt she don't want to go what I call on the tramp, for that's what you want me to do.

*Ben.* Mother, don't call it a tramp. I will tell you my plan for you. When we get to Melbourne, there will be a lodging for you in what they call Canvas Town ; and I shall see whether my old master will hire us all, as I believe he will. It's on a run, near Mount Ida, three or four days from Melbourne ; but you will travel very comfortable and all together, in a great covered waggon.

*Mrs. Jones.* And meet with good inns ? Not that I ever slept in an inn in my life.

*Ben.* I don't promise you inns, but you will have good beds in the waggon ; and I, the driver, and father, will cook you splendid suppers of mutton chops, tea, and cakes. Think of the tea, mother ; it costs a mere nothing there.

*Mrs. Jones.* And precious bad stuff I know ! I never had any opinion of cheap tea.

*Ben.* And when you get there, I think my old master will most likely hire us all ; that is, you and father, and Susie and me.

*Mrs. Jones.* What, am I to go to service at my time of life ?

*Ben.* Oh, it isn't like being a farm-servant here. Out

in the bush there's no difference made; we shall all live alike, and mostly do alike; but they want more hands, and give fine wages. I expect that £200, besides all our food, and fetching and carrying for us, is the least they'll offer; and we may save it nearly all.

*Mrs. Jones.* Not we, for *I* can't live in a bush, and must look out for lodgings; and as you tell me to sell my bits of things here, they must be furnished lodgings; and if there's a thing in the world that's ruination, it's furnished lodgings.

*Ben.* Why, there isn't even a cottage for miles; but they will give us what they call a hut—that is, a wooden house four or five times as big as this. Wood to be had for nothing. Father and I will fix it up, just to your fancy. Living in the bush means amongst the trees.

*Mrs. Jones.* Mercy! what talk yours is! It takes a year after a house is built for the walls to dry.

*Ben.* But they are wooden walls, mother; dry directly. Then it's hardly ever too hot or too cold; people are out of doors all day long, and might be all night. Well, in about a year I expect we shall have saved enough to buy a farm of our own; land is very cheap, and creatures breed so fast; and you know, as a girl, what a hand you were for butter. We will take out some new churns, and you will feel quite young again, with eighty or a hundred cows round you, and such butter to sell as Australia has never seen yet.

*Mrs. Jones.* Well, the thought of the dairy is something. I was always thought a first-rate hand at making the butter come. But I do wish I knew what sort of cows I should get there—Herefordshire, or short-horns, or Alderneys.

Alderney, where those little cows come from, don't lay in those parts, does it ?

*Ben.* Oh, there's a great choice there. Tom will be just the boy, won't he, to drive them up for milking ? and Tottie will get a glass of milk warm from the cow, and look another thing. Won't you like that, Tottie ?

*Tottie.* If we may take black Tom with us, I'll hold him all the way myself ; but I can't go without black Tom.

*Ben.* So you shall, my little one ; and out there you shall have a sight of black Tommies to play with, and oh ! such funny creatures, something like squirrels, that have a little leathern bag outside their stomach, in which they carry their young ones when they are tired—almost like perambulators.

*Mrs. Jones.* Ah, those machines, I suppose, have got out there. I never saw but one, and hate the lazy servant girls that won't be at the trouble of carrying the precious children, but shove them along as if they were bad fish.

*Ben.* You won't ever see one where we are going to live, mother, if that will be a comfort. And if I do go into Yorkshire about this plough, and if I do find Mrs. Smith, should she not be comfortable there, shall I try to persuade her and her husband to follow us out ? You would be happy then, mother, would not you ?

*Mrs. Jones.* It would make all the difference, certainly—that and the cows. Well, I never did stand out against father yet in the long run ; he's been a good husband to me, and I am no scholar, and so, I suppose, can't be a judge—only of what I do like. But I seem to begin to feel that if matters went worse next winter, and we got back, I should reflect on myself for speaking my mind so

out and out about not going. After all, if I have you all about me, and little Tottie does grow stout, besides the cows and Mrs. Smith coming, I shall be able to make myself contented. So, father, dear, I'll go. Only one thing more; let me go as far as ever I can in Willings' cart; I know he will lend it; but don't ask me to get into a train. It may be quicker, and I never saw one near; but as it roars and skurries along by Haye Hill it frightens me to death. I am sure all the people that get into it must be killed, for how should that senseless engine know how to go or where to go? I am pretty stout on my legs, and can walk a good bit, and Willings' cart will do the rest.





